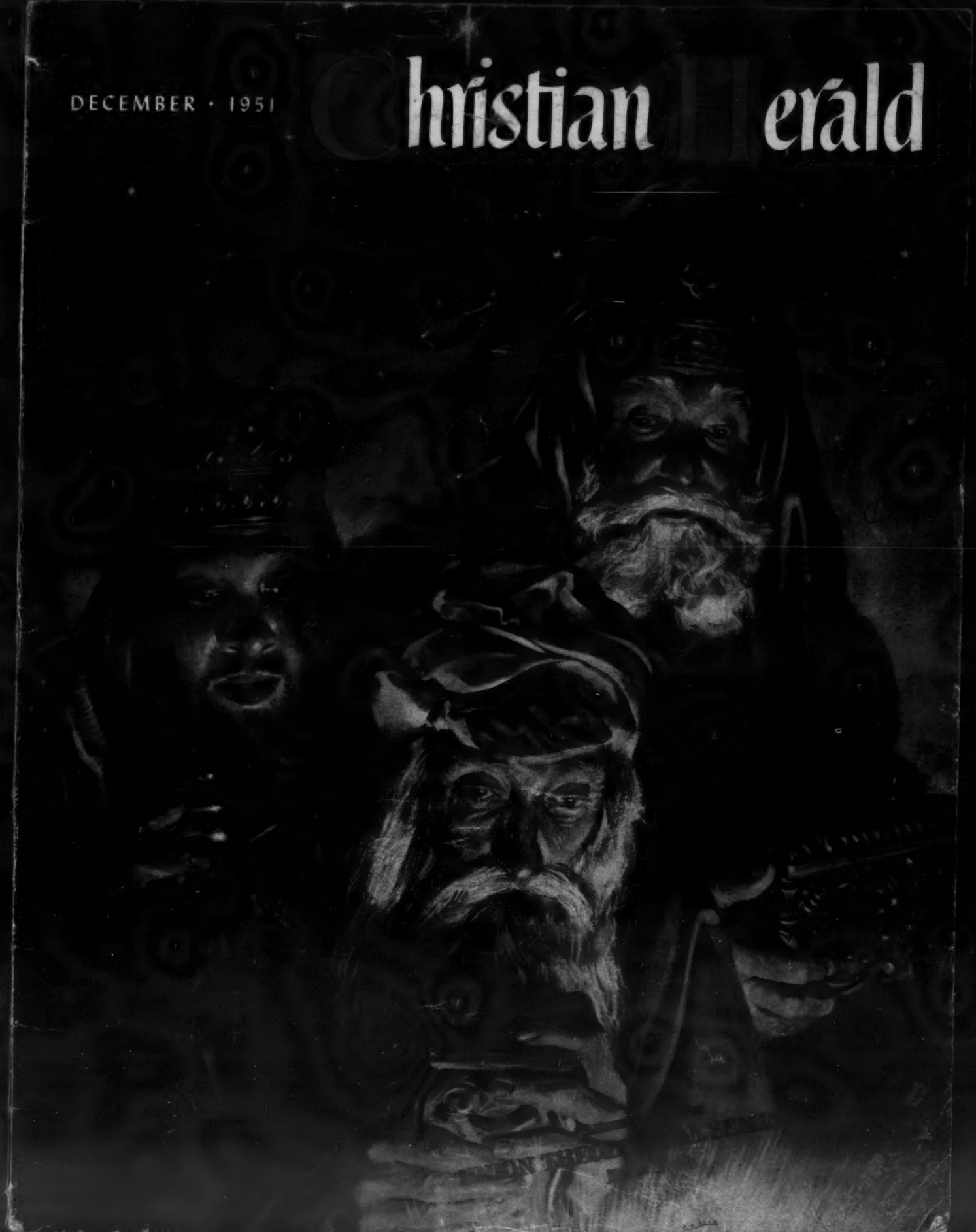
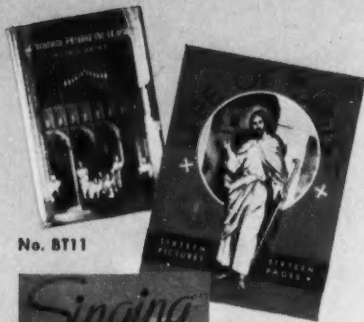


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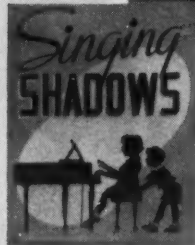
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Christian Herald

DANIEL A. POLING, Editor

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COMING NEXT MONTH...

SEX EDUCATION: Howard Whitman (author of "Terror in Your Town") attacks this burning issue frankly, forthrightly. He declares we must end the "reign of silence." He cites numerous cases of sexually delinquent youngsters whose downfall could be traced directly to the ostrich attitude of otherwise kind and intelligent parents. He declares that the need for "sex orientation" is the most critical need of youth today and goes on to explain exactly what a good Christian can do about it. Be sure to read WHEN SEX REARS ITS HEAD.

50 YEARS IN ONE PULPIT: That is the mark reached by famed Dr. P. H. Welshimer at the Disciples church in Canton, O. In text and pictures, Kenneth Wilson gives a lively account of this man of God and his half-century of service to one congregation.

MINNIE'S LITTLE ORPHANS: A rare human document is this story of an illiterate lady in Alaska, with no qualifications except an

overwhelming love for kids, who gathered into her home the children nobody wanted. And she had to fight the Alaska Legislature to keep 'em! Judge Jed Johnson tells the story in January.

SAILORS' HAVEN: One of the most interesting organizations in New York is the Seaman's Church Institute—most sailors' first call after their ship ties up at the pier. Everything from a new toothbrush to spiritual comfort is provided the seaman here. In HOME IS THE SAILOR Edwin Muller tells the complete story.

BRING BEAUTY INTO YOUR CHURCH: Lead article in our January Church Building Section is by Dr. John R. Scotford, who gives valuable pointers on how to make your church more attractive. Another article is about the tape recorder—"instrument of a thousand uses." C. Godfrey Poggi, a New York architect, contributes a discussion of ethics in church building. Plus the usual features: plans, visual-aid reviews, and the like. Don't miss it!

CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace; the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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KENNETH L. WILSON

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A mong Those Present

Howard F. Lowry (*Mr. Christmas Carol*, page 23) has been president of the College of Wooster in Ohio since 1944.



Born in Portsmouth, O., Dr. Lowry was graduated from Wooster in 1923 and was appointed instructor of English there. He was granted the Ph.D. from Yale in 1931. In 1934 he was on a Guggenheim Fellowship in foreign

study. His studies in English literature have taken him frequently to France and England. He is the editor of the "Oxford Anthology of English Poetry," "Emerson-Clough Letters," and others. His recent book, "The Mind's Adventure" was a Religious Book-of-the-Month selection.

Recordings of "Christmas Carol" as read by Dr. Lean may be secured from College of Wooster Bookstore, Wooster, Ohio, at \$10 plus tax and postage.

Betty Byrd (*Put Christ in Your Christmas Cards*, pages 20-21) will probably never do a more prodigious piece of work than her dramatization of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers," consisting of 16 acts, 81 scenes, and a cast of thousands, including entire armies. This she turned out at the age of 11. She actually produced the play (slightly abridged), and of course took a leading role. She gave schoolmate Winthrop Rockefeller one line, "Thou scoundrell!" which he muffed by shouting, "Thou scallion!"



Born in St. Louis, she studied journalism at New York U. After several years of radio script writing, she perpetrated the first of the husband-wife breakfast table news chats, "What's News," over a New York station, writing the script and acting the wife.

Jerome Brondfield (*Maggie Has Her Methods*, page 19) is story editor for RKO Pathe, and the author of a series of documentary shorts entitled "This is America." Like many writers he has had extensive newspaper training from electrocutions to the Olympic games in Berlin, 1926. After graduating from Ohio State University he was a sports



writer for Cleveland and Columbus papers. He served with Scripps-Howard's NEA and then International News Service before coming to New York.

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DR. POLING



answers your questions

TV for Children

● *I am interested in what you have said about bad TV shows for children—the shows that advertise beer and cigarettes after some of the best programs. Don't you think "Pa" and "Ma" are responsible for what the children should see?*

OHIO

J. K. R.

I agree (with a reservation) that the business of TV "look-see" by children is up to parents. But I have a five-year-old grandson and a seven-year-old granddaughter who, quite on their own and when their parents are elsewhere, tune in on anything and everything. That, I discover, is pretty generally the case throughout the country.

Membership in National Council

● *The church to which I belong is not a member of the National Council of Churches of Christ in America. Why is this? I think it is prejudice and shortsightedness. What do you think?*

MISSOURI

M. J.

I think that the one asking the question has answered it. This new and greater Council is the supreme Protestant opportunity for unity—unity without uniformity, unity that will strengthen all churches thus uniting.

Church Entertainment

● *A few weeks ago I attended a program in one of the largest and most beautiful churches in my vicinity. This program was put on by the church choir. It was cheap, disgusting and of a low tone, bordering on vulgarity at times. This was not a teen-age program, it was put on by adults, some of them no doubt fathers and mothers with their names on the church roll. Is it necessary for the church to depict the lower levels of life for entertainment? Where was the Director of Religious Education? Is it a sin to criticize the church?*

CALIFORNIA

M. C.

This question contains its own answer. Certainly it is not necessary for the church to depict the lower levels

of life for entertainment and it is a shame for any church to do so. It is not a sin to criticize programs such as the one described. To be really valuable, of course, criticism should be constructive. "There is a better way than this" and we who know the better way should present it to pastors and church officials.

Chaplaincy in Armed Forces

● *Is it true that the Roman Catholic Church has taken over the chaplaincy of the Armed Forces, and that the church is crowding priests in ahead of the other faiths?*

Absolutely not true. Stories of this character are miserable falsehoods and promote disunity. Only unity can make the nation secure and freedom safe throughout the world. There is a chaplain shortage today in all three faiths.

More Emphasis on Sunday School

● *Always I have received more from Sunday school than from the preaching service of the church. But steadily the Sunday-school hour is shortened and less attention given the teaching program. Do you not think this is a mistake?*

INDIANA

V. K.

Definitely this is a mistake. But increasingly churches are giving more rather than less attention to Bible instruction. Programs of Christian education in all denominations are being systematically strengthened, and they should be. More, rather than less, is the order.

Universal Military Training

● *Our minister's wife is calling upon us to use our influence against Universal Military Training. I can't believe she is right. I know she is sincere. What do you think?*

NEBRASKA

P. M.

I stand with you completely. The well-meaning lady is wrong—and, as of my knowledge, terribly wrong. Had the official report of the President's Committee on Universal Military Training been adopted, not a man

would have gone to Korea without basic training and without safeguards. It was not adopted. Such unrealistic, misguided, sincere people as the one you describe must carry their full weight of responsibility for what has happened since. For me, not judging any others, this has been an evil thing.

Man is a Soul

● *Recently I heard this statement: "Man is not an animal. He is a soul." Is that true?*

MICHIGAN

S. E. Y.

Physical man belongs to the animal kingdom. You may remember the ancient story of Frederick the Great and the little girl. When the king asked the child, "To what kingdom do I belong?" she didn't have the courage to put him in the same category with dogs, horses and other humans, and so she said: "You belong to the Kingdom of Heaven." And we all should! Always man is a soul—an immortal soul.

Parental Obligations

● *In your opinion is this the right order in which to list a parent's duties and obligations: First, God; second, family and home; third, church and community; fourth, spouse and self?*

MISSOURI

W. T.

In listing obligations, always God first. After that circumstances may change the order. There are occasions when men, and women too, have placed country above all else.

Misinterpretation of Scriptures

● *One of my friends refused to participate in a religious census on the basis of a single text, "Go not from house to house." What do you think?*

MISSOURI

W. T.

Jesus was speaking to a particular situation. He always did that even as always He enunciated principles that covered life in all parts and phases. It is possible to misread the Scriptures, as for instance: "Judas went and hanged himself," and then in another place: "Go thou and do likewise."

Church Suppers

● *It takes an awful lot of oyster soup down in the basement to keep some people happy upstairs in the sanctuary. I am for more worship and less soup. How about you?*

ILLINOIS

C. G.

Me too. But also I like soup—in the basement. Too much soup and too little worship presents a problem in some churches, but there is a place for soup with the fellowship, the community interest and activity, and the collective service that goes along.

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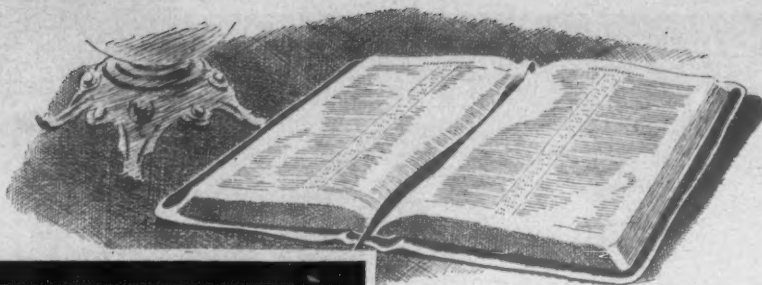


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How to Make the Bible Your Own

By FRANCIS C. STIFLER

THERE are hosts of people who say they believe in the Bible, own a Bible and look at it occasionally. Unfortunately, there are precious few people who can really call their Bibles *their own* in a deeper sense of that word. It has been estimated—accurately, I believe—that out of one hundred members of almost any church only about ten can say with the psalmist, "O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day." And if this is all we can say of church people, how much more so of the 67,000,000 people in our country outside the church?

For most persons who possess a Bible it is literally a "closed Book." It is listed in the inventory of the household possessions, but it has not really become the owner's own.

May I suggest three gates, as it were, that lead one directly into a deeper possession of God's Word? They stand wide open to all who would enter. They are not strange gates we never entered before. They are the very ones through which we have always entered to come into true ownership of anything worthwhile.

The first gate is called *Beauty*. There is something in every man's soul that draws him on toward that which is beautiful. Put that man down as less than human who is not lured by beauty in nature—who does not love a garden, or a sunset, the fragrance of a rose, the sound of the rippling of water in a

stony brook. The devotion of a mother, the fidelity of a friend, the valor of a great soldier or the loyalty of a patriot—yes, these, too, are beautiful and man was born to move out toward them all. I have a friend who lives in Tacoma, Washington. He built his house where on rising every morning he can look for five minutes at the misty majesty of Mt. Rainier to "clear his soul," as he puts it, for the day's work.

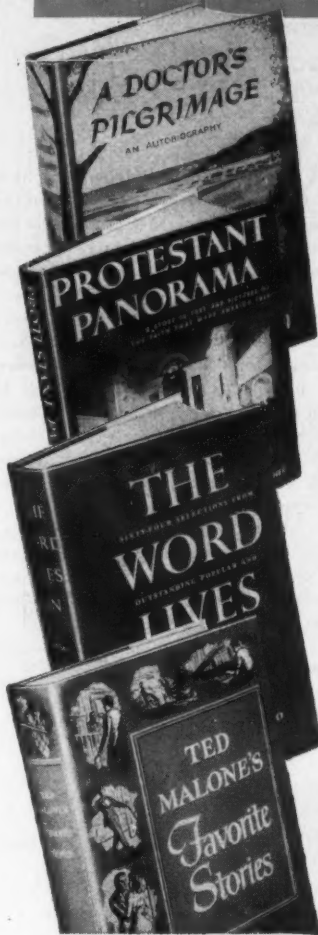
Well, the beauty of the Bible is a wide open gate to possessing it more fully. The beauty of its thought and language may not appear to the casual reader. He must do a bit of climbing for it as a man climbs a hill to see a sunrise. This gate is at the top of a hill. But I know people who scrimp and save all year through to take a trip on their brief vacation to some spot in the mountains or at the seashore from which they bring home a whole album of pictures they can enjoy the rest of their lives. So with the beauty of God's Word. Most of us must go look for it.

THE Old Testament abounds in poetic beauty, especially in the Psalms. You may know the 23rd. If you have a son or a brother or a sweetheart in Korea or somewhere else in uniform, read the 46th Psalm. You will feel as though the very arm of Almighty God had been thrown around you. And like my friend in Tacoma, Washington,
(Continued on page 71)

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WHAT does your anxiety do?
It does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; but it empties today of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it if it comes.—John Watson
From Mrs. E. M. Lorimer, Cambridge, Ill.



I heard a bird sing in the dark of December,
A magical thing and sweet to remember;
"We are nearer to Spring than we were in September,"
I heard a bird sing in the dark of December.

—Oliver Herford

From Evelyn A. Burroughs, Springfield, Mass.



MY child, sleeping now in the dark and gathering strength for the struggle of birth, I wish you well. At present you have no proper shape, and you do not breathe, and you are blind. Yet, when your time comes, your time and the time of your mother, whom I deeply love, there will be something in you that will give you power to fight for air and life. Such is your heritage, such is your destiny as a child born of woman—to fight for light and hold on without knowing why. May you seek always and strive in good faith and high courage, in this world where men grow so tired. Keep your wonder at great and noble things like sunlight and thunder, the rain and the stars, the wind and the sea, the growth of trees and the return of harvests. Keep your heart hungry for new knowledge; keep your hatred of a lie; and keep your power of indignation.

Now I must die, and you must be born to stand upon the rubbish heap of my errors. Forgive me for this, I am ashamed to leave you an untidy world. In thought, as a last benediction, I kiss your forehead. Good night to you—and good morning and a clear dawn.
—(From a letter to his unborn child, found on the body of a soldier.)

CHRISTMAS

*Christmas is a bitter day
For mothers who are poor.
The wistful eyes of children
Are daggers to endure.*

*Though shops are crammed with playthings
Enough for everyone
If a mother's purse is empty
There might as well be none.*

*My purse is full of money,
But I cannot buy a toy;
Only a wreath of holly
For the grave of a little boy.*

ANON.

From Mrs. Irwin Jordan, Hutchinson, Minn.



WHEN thee builds a prison,
thee had better build with
the thought ever in thy mind
that thee and thy children may
occupy the cells.

—Elizabeth Fry

From Decatur Riggs, New York, N. Y.



MY MOTHER'S HANDS

*Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.*

*I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.*

*Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.*

*I always weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
When mine were at their play.*

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

IF the preacher's hair is gray, he is too old. If he is a young man, he hasn't had experience. If he has ten children, he has too many. If he has none, he isn't setting a good example. If his wife sings in the choir, she is presuming. If she doesn't, she isn't interested in her husband's work. If the preacher uses notes, he is a bore. If he speaks extemporaneously, he isn't deep enough. If he stays at home in his study, he doesn't mix enough with the people. If he is seen around the streets, he ought to be at home getting up a good sermon. If he calls on some poor family, he is playing to the grandstand. If he calls at the home of the wealthy, he is an aristocrat. Whatever he does, someone could have told him better.

—Author Unknown

From Jane McInturff, Strasburg, Va.



UPSTAIRS

Passed on, beyond our mortal vision,
But now the thought is robbed of gloom;
Within the Father's many mansions
Still dwelling in another room.

The one whose going left us lonely
Is scaling heights undreamed of yore,
And guided on by Love's unfolding,
Has gone upstairs, and shut the door.

—ANONYMOUS



It is Christmas in the mansion,
Yule-log fires and silken frocks;
It is Christmas in the cottage,
Mother's filling little socks.

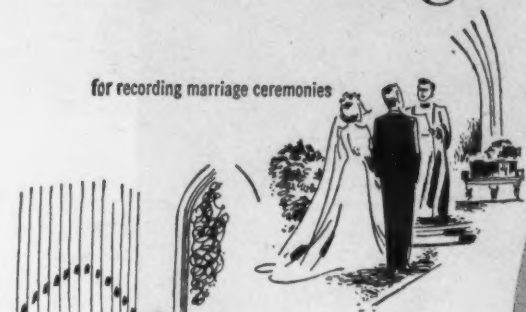
It is Christmas on the highway,
In the thronging, busy mart;
But the dearest, truest Christmas
Is the Christmas in the heart.

—Author Unknown

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items returned, and no original material used.

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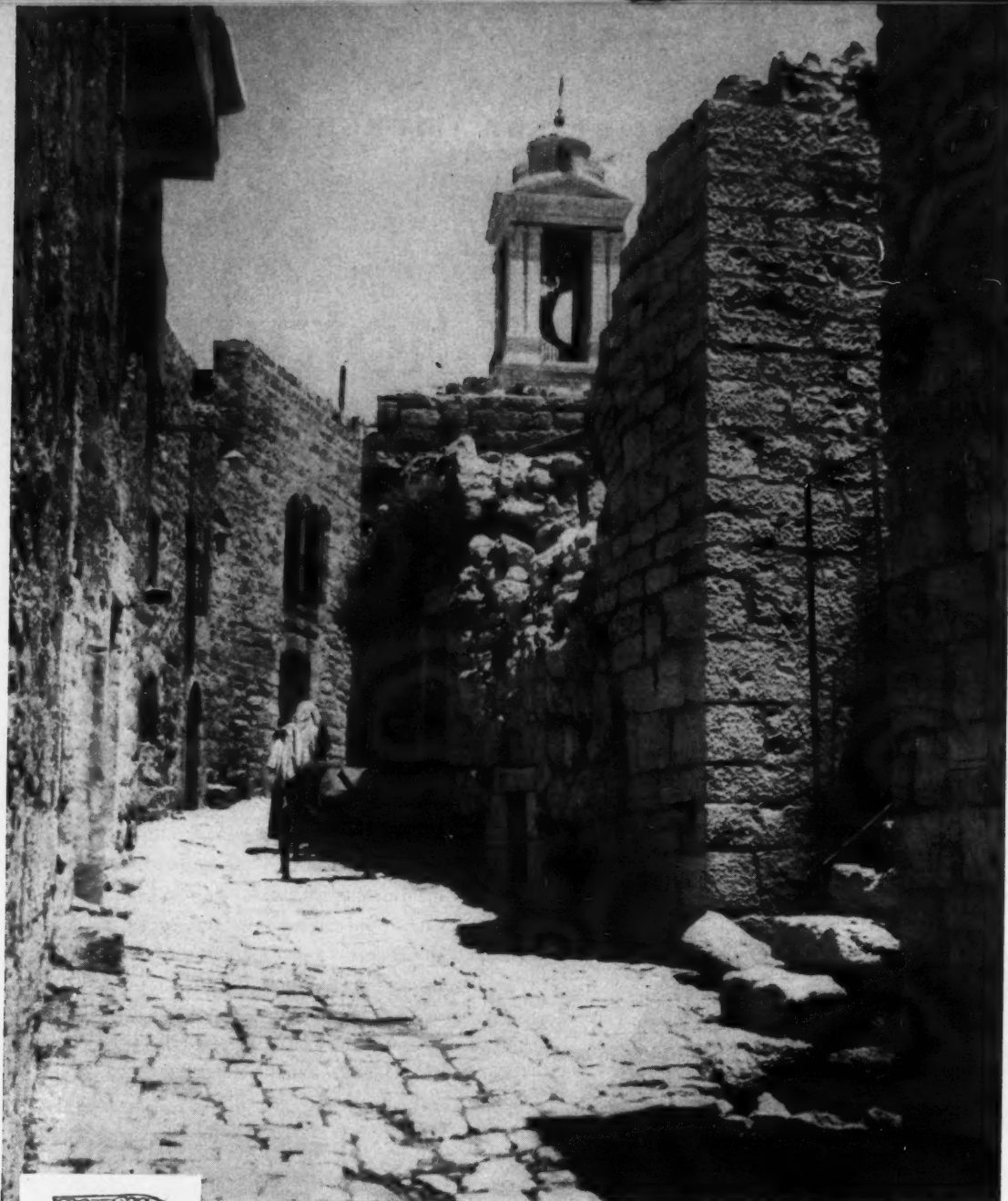
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Photograph by J. Lane Miller

Bethlehem, 1951

By Madeleine S. Miller

Again to hilltop Bethlehem
The homeless ones go up;
But ancient doors swing wide to them,
Old wells fill up their cup.

The market-place has food to spare —
Young lambs and fruits of fields;
"The House of Bread" has meat to share,
And Boaz' Field still yields.

When Joseph and young Mary came,
No towered church was there;
No Bethlehem bells rang their acclaim,
No Christians knelt in prayer.

Yet from their lonely journey grew
Our joys this Christmas morn;
And millions climb their path anew
Wherever Christ is born.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

● AT HOME ●

VATICAN. Only a few days after he had decried the lack of religious cooperation (see "Unity"), President Truman swung one of the most staggering punches American religious unity has taken. General Mark Clark, Mr. Truman blandly announced, was to be our first full-fledged Ambassador to the Vatican. Eventually, of course, the Senate would have to ratify.

Mr. Truman, and Mr. Roosevelt before him, had the right in time of war emergency to send a *personal representative* to the Pope. We recognized that right and few other Protestant voices agreed—because we felt it was honest and fair to recognize it. Myron Taylor did not go out under the wing of the eagle on America's Great Seal. No funds were appropriated for his support. Such a mission was one thing. But to attempt now in this fashion to bring about official recognition of the Vatican State is quite different. That the President should so misjudge what we believe to be the temper and determination of the American people as to assume that there is no difference is an appalling blunder.

What was the feeble justification for this inept and untimely appointment? That the Vatican will thereby team up with us in fighting Communism! Mr. Truman's own pastor asks devastatingly, must the Vatican be won by recognition? Will it otherwise *refuse* to resist Stalin?

Thirty-seven nations recognize the Vatican as a sovereign political state as well as the supreme and ultimate authority of the Roman Catholic Church. But overwhelmingly the citizens of the United States have opposed, and we believe still oppose, a full-fledged Ambassador to the Vatican. The issue is not General Clark, for whom practically everyone has the highest regard. The issue is the American principle of the absolute separation of church and state.

Even some Catholic leaders had objections of their own to President Truman's action. One of these said, "As an American citizen, I believe that this country should send an Ambassador to the Vatican, but as a Catholic I cannot too strongly condemn the time and way in which this was done." He and others of his faith believe, as

Protestants believe, that our own unity is immediately the minimum requirement of national security and presently of world peace. President Truman, however unwittingly, struck a heavy blow at that. It is difficult to believe that he expected confirmation at the hands of the Senate. We hesitate to charge that this was a nasty piece of political conniving. But one thing we do know: a flood of outraged public opinion has been loosed. That is a healthy sign and it should be sufficient warning to the Chief Executive of this country.

STAR: "Peace . . . good will," the incredible message of Christmas, falls upon cynical American ears. Peace—when 15,000 of our youth lie dead in Korea and 11,000 are "missing"? (In the same period in World War II we lost fewer than 7000 killed.) Peace—with an assassin's bullets striking down a friend of freedom in Pakistan? Peace—with playboy Farouk giving Egypt's poverty-crushed millions a diversion of blood and hysteria? Peace—with the U.S. putting its faith in a vault of atom bombs (now unofficially estimated at 1000)? Good will—with men in positions of public trust turning their high office into blank checks? Good will—with name calling, smear campaigns? Christmas, 1951, makes no sense, say the scoffers.

But there were also scoffers the night angels sang in a conquered, garrisoned outpost of the Roman Empire. And today Caesar Augustus is only a name, while the Babe is a Presence. No one remembers what Rome's invincible soldiers said in Bethlehem; everyone remembers what a heavenly host said.

Perhaps . . . the blacker the Christmas, the easier it is to see a Star.

TAFT: If Mr. Republican's hat looks somewhat the worse for wear, it's only because it has been thrown into the ring so many times. You can call Mr. Taft conservative, pedantic, old-guard—but you can't call him devious. He's as forthright as a collie pup. No one will ever be able to say truthfully, "I don't know what Mr. Taft stands for." When some other folks we could mention make a daisy-plucking game of their Presidential intentions, it's refreshing to find a man who has enough faith in himself to stand up and say,

"Sure, I'd like to be President!"

Mr. Taft's "platform": He's opposed to New Deal non-defense spending. (So is Democratic Senator Douglas, who thinks that a billion dollars' worth of fat could be sliced from the current budget.) He's set to attack Mr. Truman's "fatal mistakes" in foreign policy. Everyone else is ag'in those fatal mistakes, too—probably even Mr. Truman; there's no trick at all to detecting mistakes five years after they happen. And Mr. Taft is for the restoration of honesty and integrity in government. Next!

BLOWUP: This reporter is reluctantly getting used to Mr. Truman's outbursts by way of pen and larynx. So we didn't get too much excited about his blasts at the patriotism of the press; newsmen, after all, have rhinoceros hides. The President walked into something and had to barge on through—like a man who steps on a newly-varnished kitchen floor.

But after roundly dressing down the press for giving away "95%" of our top secrets (which had been handed out by government itself), Mr. Truman really let go. He was talking about the publication by newspapers of maps that showed vital installations. (The maps were used in a civil defense program to wake up citizens to the seriousness of air attacks.) It was practically treason, the President declared.

That much said was too much said. But then he leaped clear across the sticky floor. The New York *Herald-Tribune* reported it this way: "He said he wished he had such photographs of Russia and its manufacturing plants. He could use them, he added." *He could use them!*

If Joe Stalin said publicly, "I wish I had maps of America's manufacturing plants, *I could use them*"—our bomb shelters would be packed in the twinkling of an eye. Are the *Russians* so different?

RESOURCES: Some months back we objected to the use in high places of the expression "harvesting America's youth"—as if mothers and fathers reared sons for the sickle of Mars. We didn't like it then and we don't like it now. Young people are not a crop. (We're getting mad all over again!) Then we came upon one publication and organization in the economic field that lifted high the dignity of the individual, *Economic Outlook*, published by the CIO.

We don't go along with everything that the CIO does. Big unions need to be watched just as do big business and big government. And yet . . . *Economic Outlook* ends its story on the mobilizing of American manpower with a little sentence that would be hard to find anywhere else outside a

church paper. The story quotes Charles E. Wilson's office as saying, "The men and women who will be needed in the future for military service, for the factories and the farms, are the children now in primary and secondary schools." That's a thought-stopper right there. And the CIO adds, "This most precious of all resources must not be neglected."

We don't know what that little sentence does to you, but it warms the cockles of this reporter's practically cockle-less heart! How right the CIO is. We'll go along with the "most precious" people as over against the "harvesting" crowd any time!

COURIER'S CUES: Democrats are one up on GOP in national-chairman round; they can say either, "Boyle is out and Gabrielson isn't" or "We cleaned our house first." . . . A person born in 1880 had average life expectancy of 34; today it's 68. . . . Federal Reserve warns that pennies are to be even scarcer this month. . . . At mid-year, U.S. had 21.2 men in military service per 1000 population; France, 17.8; West Europe average, 12.6. . . . Coming in first quarter '52: 950,000 new cars, a cut of 13% over fall quota. . . . Eight years from now there will be 5 million additional children in our schools, requiring 200,000 new classrooms. . . . If you live in bomb target area Civil Defense wants you to keep five-day reserve food supply on hand. . . . Truman-Churchill parley soon, with or without Stalin.

• ABROAD •

KOREA: The scene has shifted from Kaesong to Panmunjom, but everything else about the war that nobody wants is the same. Our allies don't want it; they're unwilling to send more help. The Chinese don't want it; they are gaining nothing but experience, and at frightful cost. The Koreans certainly don't want it. Neither does the U.S. Still the war drags on. There is this much that's new at this writing: General Ridgeway warns that every foot gained is for keeps. The 38th Parallel is as dead as a dinosaur. Even the old battle line is far back of the U.N. front.

The valiantly sought-after armistice is all to the good, but when—and if—armistice comes, we are not finished in Korea. We can't just brush our hands and walk off. It's to be a potato too hot to hold, too valuable to drop. Without our help, South Korea would be overrun again. Without our money, food, supplies—the suffering will be unspeakable. Korea is costing us billions of dollars and thousands of men more than we thought we could afford to spend on the one man (Chiang) who might have kept Korea from happening.

EMPIRE: Britain's history has been a glorious one. "The sun never sets on the British Empire," was a proud and justified boast. For all her bearing of the "white man's burden," her reign



RNS PHOTO

EVANGELIST: The Rev. Charles B. Templeton, first full-time itinerant evangelist of National Council of Churches, launches a 15-month campaign before 4,200 in Stambaugh Auditorium, Youngstown, O.

has been a benevolent one. Where Britain went, there went the Bible.

Now . . . the sun may be setting. Within the lifetime of even a fifth-grader, see what has gone by the board: *India*—gone. *Hong-Kong*—nervously looking over its shoulder. *Pakistan*—independent. *Australia*—tied to America. *Greece*—dumped into the hands of the U.S. *Iran*—ready to pour gasoline on the water and "melt" any British warship that points so much as a cap gun. *Egypt*—trying to push British troops out of the Suez Canal zone and British co-government out of the Sudan. *Palestine*—British influence gone and the independent state of Israel functioning. *Spain*—wooing the U.S., turning its back on Britain. NATO's commanding general in Europe is not Britain's General Monty, but America's General Ike. Frontiers of empire are being pushed back by the rising tides of nationalism (a tide long ago felt at Lexington and on Boston Common and at Valley Forge). And the U.S., like it or not, is moving out with money and a policeman's cap.

It is no time to lord it over a rocking giant. It is a time to tremble. Empires come and go. What is happening to Britain can happen to America.

ITALY: Premier de Gasperi knows that the key to Italian hearts is land. The Reds know it too. Communism has fought not only its physical battles but its ideological battles on land. Italy's Premier intends to pass out 1,500,000 acres to 103,000 of Italy's poorest.

A year ago he began, settling 1000 families on uncultivated land. Now 4900 new landowners are taking over



RNS PHOTO

UNITED CHURCH MEN: Three officers of this group, a general department of the National Council of Churches, are shown at the inaugural meeting in Cincinnati: Chairman Lem T. Jones, Kansas City, Mo., (center); Leonard J. Fletcher, Peoria, Ill. (left), recording secretary; E. Urner Goodman, New York, general director. Planned is the rallying of Protestant laymen as a militant force.

about 12 acres each in Calabria, toe land of Italy's boot. They get thirty-year mortgages, are given cash loans of \$100 to set them up in business. Tractors and heavy equipment will come from a pool. It's *not* Communism. From the peasants' standpoint, it has it all over Communism. A man works for himself, not the state. In Red territory you don't get a mortgage—you get an ultimatum.

Premier de Gasperi's *do-something* plan ought to put heart into the people (and some of them are right here) who think that the free world must sit back and let Communism take over. If we believe for a minute that democracy cannot meet the hungers of people, and within the framework of freedom, then we'd better close up shop. A well-fed man with a job and a vision just doesn't become a Red. Nobody loves Uncle Joe that much.

INCOME: Take a look at the per capita income of a few countries. (U.N. figures.) As might be expected, the U.S. leads, with an average of \$1453. Canada is second with \$870. New Zealand, Switzerland, Sweden and the United Kingdom rank next. But India—\$57! China—\$27. West Germany with \$320 looks good, against Asia, even against Italy's \$235. The U.S.S.R. is down for \$308. In Latin America, Argentina is highest with \$346. Brazil has \$112, and Peru only \$100. Israel's per capita income at \$389 is the highest in the area. Egypt (currently and continuously denouncing its "prosperous" Israeli neighbor) has an income of only \$100 per person.

Communism marches against low-income countries. China was one of the lowest; it's Communist. Korea—\$35 and in trouble. Indonesia, \$25, lowest of all—unrest. Watch India. Also Ethiopia and Liberia (each \$38), Peru, Egypt and Japan (\$100). As Mr. Dewey said, we don't need to try to make over other peoples into *our* image. Rice helps more than cake.

• CHURCH NEWS •

KIRCHE: The 17-year-old youngster, a returning prisoner of war, walked up to Dr. S. C. Michelfelder in a railway station somewhere near Munich. The boy wore wet, frayed slacks, a torn, dirty shirt. He asked, "Where can I get a bunk for the night?" Dr. Michelfelder directed him to a corner of the waiting room where Lutheran deaconesses and Catholic sisters would provide hot soup and a place to sleep. "Gott sei dank, die Kirche hilft immer," the boy said. "Thanks to God, the Church helps always!"

Dr. Michelfelder, executive secretary of the Lutheran World Federation told the story in Chicago at the national



IT'S TIME WE RESCUED CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY

headquarters of the Christian Rural Overseas Program (CROP). The next day he was stricken with a heart attack. Four days later the great-hearted Christian was dead. More than any other man, Dr. Michelfelder was responsible for the vast program of relief and reconstruction undertaken in Europe by American Protestantism at the close of World War II. It was he who sparked the humanitarian work of both the World Council of Churches and the LWF. Dr. Michelfelder knew the answer to Communism: "The Church helps always!"

CHRISTIAN: What are the fundamental principles of the Christian religion? \$70,000 hangs on the answer. Dr. W. B. Small of Waterloo, Iowa, left a will which set up a trust sum with the income to go to persons who believe in the Christian fundamentals and who are "endeavoring to promulgate the same." The closest heirs, ten of them, contested the will. They said there was no common agreement on the fundamental principles of Christianity.

What is a Christian? Seven Iowa pastors testified, in effect, that nobody knows. The preachers had their own convictions, but the convictions all differed at some point or other. If the Bible is basic—which Bible? One witness preferred the King James version. But the Douai is used by the Roman

Catholic Church. Three witnesses argued that Christians can be defined as those who believe in the Apostles' Creed, the Holy Trinity, God, the divinity of Christ, and a confession of faith. That would leave out Baptists and Disciples who have "no creed but Christ."

How would *you* define a Christian? Here's a problem straight from an Iowa court for a young people's meeting or church officers' session. Maybe you'll wind up where Bailiff Charles Sweitzed did, saying, "It makes one do some thinking!"

PRAYER: Every once in a while somebody comes up with a "new" discovery about religion. That's good. It shows that faith is as up-to-date as tomorrow morning's headlines. An Ohio pastor is talking of the "new" sort of church that works seven days a week. Seems to us that's about as *old* a sort of church as you can get. It was the kind Paul built all over Asia Minor. The pastor, so Religious News Service reports, also commented "favorably" on the growing use of prayer cells, in which small groups of church members "share" insights and achieve a genuine religious experience." That's nice. We're glad he thinks well of the idea. But that one isn't new either. The Methodists had them long ago and, so far as we know, never patented the plan. They



RHS PHOTO

RENEW VOWS: As part of the Rev. Morris Robinson's observance of his 20th anniversary as pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis, he reads the marriage service as fifty-five couples whom he had married renew their vows.

called them "class meetings," for some reason we never could fathom. But it was a personal experience, testimony, prayer service. At our church, we called them prayer meetings. That was in the old days when churches had the courage to stake out a claim on Wednesday night.

But, as we say, it's nice that prayer has been rediscovered. Maybe it will stick this time.

UNITY: If that judge at Waterloo thinks he has problems, he should have heard President Truman deploring religious disunity before the Washington Pilgrimage of Churchmen. Mr. Truman complained that he had been trying for a long time to get religious leaders of the world to agree on some one simple statement of faith which could be used in the battle against Communism. Church councils haven't even been able to get *Protestants* to agree on one statement of faith to be used in the battle against Satan! The grapevine has it that Myron Taylor went to the Vatican last summer with that same plea of Mr. Truman's. Couldn't, the President wondered, Roman Catholics get together with other groups on a declaration of a common faith in God? And Mr. Taylor, so the report goes, was politely told that the Pope had already spoken in behalf of Christian unity. To get all the unity in the world, Protestants merely had to come back under the wing of "mother" church.

Crusader Truman will learn soon enough! Unity, along with prayer meetings, is not an idea somebody thought of yesterday.

VISION: While we are speaking of Pope Pius XII, we had better say something about his "vision." The Pope, so it was announced at Fatima,

Portugal, saw last year in the sun a silver disc, spinning like a wheel of fire. Cardinal Tedeschini made quite a story of it: "Who is capable of fixing his eyes on the shining sun? But he was able to do so, and during those days could witness the life of the sun under the hand of Mary. The agitated sun was convulsed and transformed in a picture of life, in a spectacle of heavenly movements, and it transmitted silent but eloquent messages to the Vicar of Christ."

Mr. Truman told those Pilgrimage Churchmen, "Never have our religious differences seemed so petty and insignificant as they do in the face of the peril we face today." But there are some Protestants, Mr. Truman, who value their rationality, their souls if you will, more than their necks.

IN BRIEF: The Division of Welfare of the National Lutheran Council advocates social security for all pastors. . . . National Council officials will meet again next month to hold hearings on a headquarters site; no city practicing racial discrimination will be eligible. . . . Dr. John Mackay reports 80,000 Protestants in Belgium (1½ million in Belgian Congo), 700,000 in France, 15,000 in Portugal, 100,000 in Italy, 20,000 in Spain. . . . American Methodists gave \$16 million last fiscal year for benevolence, foreign and home missions and evangelism (sounds good but works out to about \$1.80 a head). . . . Evangelist Billy Graham's "Mr. Texas" film premiere in Hollywood Bowl produced 400 decisions for Christ (film to be available for general release in '52). . . . Baptists at Winston-Salem are themselves paying for \$1,700,000 addition to Baptist Hospital after turning down federal funds; District of Columbia hospitals, take note.

• TEMPERANCE •

BEER: *True Magazine* has some enlightening things to say about the nation's beer-drinking habits. An even 55 per cent of all families in the lowest income brackets are beer consumers. As income goes up, beer consumption rises only a fraction of a per cent. The survey also shows that beer finds its greatest market in younger age groups. In 1940, the under-40 set accounted for 51 per cent of beer consumption. Today, the percentage has gone up to 57. More men than women drink beer, says *True*. Men drink 74 per cent of each year's consumption. And this may surprise you: beer is the nation's leading beverage, saleswise. Last year, the beer business was a \$4,380,000,000 proposition (compare our total contributions for tax-exempt religious, educational, and welfare organizations and institutions at \$3.59 billion; beer is a bigger business than the church).

DRUG: Antabuse, discovered by Danish scientists in 1947, is now available for use by physicians on their alcoholic patients. A small daily dose builds up an intolerance for alcohol in the blood stream. If liquor is taken—and only then—the drug reacts violently, causing nausea, flushing, low blood pressure and headache. The idea is that a patient will swear off for good. He knows that every drink will make him sicker than a dog.

It's no cure-all. There is no easy way out of alcoholism—except never to get in. A drinker has to *want* to stop drinking. If he does, Antabuse will stiffen his determination.

COST: We ran through a transcript of a panel discussion on problems-of-education - on - alcoholism - in - high - schools. (The whole thing is in *Yale's Quarterly Journal*.) Some of the facts brought out are interesting indeed. They're not new—but here are educators, doctors, teachers, taking a close, unemotional look at alcohol and making statements that ought to shock us down to our toes. Some of them:

"One of our Surgeon Generals has stated that it [alcoholism] is the fourth largest public health problem in this country."

"It has been estimated that there are in this country about four million problem drinkers."

"Economically, it has been estimated that one billion dollars a year is lost through excessive drinking in this country. About half of that amount is due to the loss of productivity, wage loss and inefficiency. One hundred and thirty million dollars is lost through accidents as the result of too much drinking."

Well, what are we waiting for?

G-E Reflector Photofloods and New "Mascot" Exposure Meter make home movie making simpler, better. For booklet on how to place photofloods, "Triangle Lighting," send a card to Lamp Div., General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

New Steam Iron by General Electric presses suits, needs no pressing rags, irons without scorching, helps even "Junior" to press like a tailor.



Ideas from General Electric make experts out of amateurs

Experienced people as well as amateurs appreciate the ease and convenience that are designed into G-E products. The housewife knows that cooking is simpler when it's done with a new G-E push-button range. The steelman sees his job made easier by a G-E x-ray thickness gage which automatically indicates the thickness of hot steel traveling nearly 60 mph. Ideas from our staff of more than ten thousand scientists and engineers help to make G-E products more useful, more convenient, easier to operate.



You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Editorially Speaking...

• PUT BACK THE CROSSES AND THE STARS

A news flash from Honolulu that 13,000 white crosses had been removed from the graves of war dead buried in Hawaii's National War Cemetery on the Hill of Sacrifice overlooking the city and the Pacific, stunned the American people first into silence and then into protest. This is a tragic mistake. Whatever the motive, the fact is an inexcusable blunder. However well-intended, it is an affront to the parents, wives and children of our war dead—an affront that must be corrected.

This nation is not an atheistic state. Ours is not a godless government and the crosses and the Stars of David name that difference. We hallow our beloved dead and commit their spirits to God, the Father, with Whose symbols we reverently mark the last resting places of their broken bodies. With billions for national defense and other billions for world security, we are not so poor that we must tear from sacred soil these modest markers. If it is too burdensome to replace the wood, then let more substantial metal or cement be substituted. Stronger than armies, mightier than fleets, is the spirit of freedom that mans them, and this sadly mistaken act has wounded the soul of the nation.

My deep feeling in the matter of the crosses and stars has to do primarily with the symbolic character of these markers. I am glad that the cemeteries in Europe still keep them. They have been and should continue to be white banners of Christian faith and religious faith across the world. Their symbolism has special significance now when atheistic, anti-God totalitarianism is the supreme and unrelenting foe of all freedom and of all religions that center in man's belief in one God.

The stars and crosses should be put back immediately. If the proper authorities refuse or fail to act, the American people will. I have mailed my check to the Chief of Chaplains Office in Washington, D. C., and already I have sent what I have written here to the President of the United States, to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, to the Vice-President and to the Secretary of Defense.

• ENSIGN OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

The recent serious operation performed on King George brought again into sharp focus the poignant devotion of millions of men and women to a living symbol. It is difficult for the world in general and for Americans in particular to understand this devotion. Before World War I it was a universal jest and sometimes the subject of more serious criticism. But with millions of young Americans overseas and so many of them breathing the air of the British Isles, a measure of understanding came about.

It is good to know that this King is, in character and

in faithfulness to the tasks assigned him, limited though his powers are, so true and worthy a man. Always he is the center, the focal point of the burning white light of public attention, and he has not failed. In a time when we who glory in our freedom to name our leaders are so often humiliated by those who have failed us, we shall not be mistaken if, in humility, we stand shoulder high with our English friends, bow our heads and join their prayer for the recovery of their King.

• "I MUST"

A little boy with destiny in His eyes stood talking with a group of wise men in an ancient church. He was only twelve years old and had become separated from His parents, but He was not lost. He knew where He was going and His name was Jesus. When His mother, with quite understandable concern, asked Him why He had not gone with them, He replied: "Do you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

There are two words in that answer that are the significant words of youth—"I must." Not only the significant words of youth but the brief description of all things alive and young. "I must" is at the heart of the tiniest seed that falls into the ground and grows; it is the elemental urge that shoots vegetation out of the cloud and up from the soil and waves like a banner over mighty forests. It is the trumpet call of life itself, but particularly the trumpet that children hear even before they can understand the meaning of the two words. The baby, struggling to his feet or plunging headlong from his cradle, learning to walk and finding a previously untrod way between chairs, is responding to this elemental urge that will not, cannot, be denied.

Here, of course, is both the hope and menace of our society. Without discipline and direction, without teachers and guides, the streets of great cities swarm with the young who presently will be a threat instead of a promise of finer things. The community itself is too often delinquent and parents are too frequently indifferent or without the necessary knowledge to instruct their children. But again and again sons and daughters rise above their surroundings and learn to live better than their fathers and mothers. Here again it is the great "I must" with the resiliency of youth that conquers all.

It is irrepressible—"I must." These are the words of youth and in them is the promise of a better life for man and the prospect of freedom with the opportunity to spread them more widely over all the world. They were the words of Jesus, the boy in the temple. And they are the eternal faith and purpose of life itself.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

the Silent Stars



A CHRISTMAS STORY by JAMES WESLEY INGLES

EVA Sanborn could barely see her husband in the early morning gloom. He was brushing the window sill. "Snow!" he said. "Two days before Christmas—it would have to snow!"

Eva noted the bitterness in his voice, the acid bitterness that had been biting deeper into his soul in the years since he had returned from the war with a shattered leg.

"What do you expect this time of year?" she replied. Then she smiled. "It will make the kids happy anyhow. Think of all the new skis and sleds."

"Ayah—" he said, "but I ain't drivin' reindeer, you know. I'm just a Santa Claus on wheels!"

"That could be fun," she suggested, sitting up awkwardly in bed. "Right now you're one of the most popular men in the U.S. You really *are* a sort of Santa Claus, aren't you?" He was always depreciating his job as a rural mail carrier.

He made no answer, but picked up his clothes and started from the room. Then he seemed to soften a little when he saw her sitting up in her pink bed-jacket.

"How you feelin', Eva?"

"So-so," she said. "I'm restless. I wish it were over."

"So do I," he said. "Right now, I think it's harder on me. Stay covered up, eh? I'll have the coffee perkin' in a minute."

"No, I'm going to get breakfast," she said, swinging her feet out of bed.

"Not yet, you're not," he said firmly, pushing them back in.

She heard his slippers slap down the hall to the kitchen, and she slid down again under the warm covers. She was worried about the storm. If it were bad, Ray might not be able to get back up on the hill. It was their first winter on Cunningham Hill. She had not wanted to come up to this abandoned hillside farmhouse. That was Ray's idea. When she had resigned as a teacher, he insisted on it. He wanted to live cheaply and save money.

What if things started? What if the doctor couldn't get in to them? The road was bad, even in good weather. Oh, well—the baby wasn't due for two weeks yet. No use worrying. But doctors could be wrong. Something could happen. She tried to push the fear into the back of her mind. But she could hear the wind breathing hard about the house and driving the dry

ILLUSTRATOR: ISABEL DAWSON



The Hidden Eyelash

An American rides a medical whirligig in England

YES, DEFINITELY! I could see the shadow of an eyelash that was growing under the skin of my left eyelid. There was no doubt about it. It was really there and would squiggle when I rubbed my eye. But I certainly couldn't get at it with tweezers or a needle without cutting the skin a bit, and that might start a very nasty business. It would be best not to take the risk but instead phone my nice doctor, though I didn't like to trouble him over such a small matter.

He was always so busy. When I had intestinal flu three months ago and phoned him after I was better but still not well, he said: "Good girl, I'm glad you didn't call me. You really know how to take care of yourself."

But in view of the fact that I wasn't doing so well at it, he said he would get his secretary to mail me the prescription of a sulfa compound especially suitable. The busy secretary forgot to mail the prescription for a week. By that time I was quite all right, and I tucked it away in my top dresser drawer; after all, I *had* paid for it. I

buy little square stamps at the post office and stick them on a card. They cost three shillings, eight pence each week, or the equivalent of 80c. When I forget the weekly business, I must buy for several weeks at a time. Also, I pay the Socialist Government the equivalent of \$1.33 out of every \$2.80 of my income and some of that tax goes to National Health.

When two months after my first attack of flu I had another, I phoned the doctor and told him all my sad-sounding symptoms. He asked if I had kept the sulfa prescription and, if so, just to take it along to the chemist. And so I had the flu twice without having my doctor once.

However, when I phoned him about the eyelash, he told me to come around during office hours. In that crowded office one was fortunate if the wait were less than an hour. I was not fortunate. I had ample time to be quite pleased with myself that I had had the good sense to make up my mind to have the eyelash removed right

(Continued on page 73)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Of high importance to every family in America is the whole subject of medicine, the availability of medical care, dispensed with skill and promptness, at a cost within their means.

Because of the reported shortages of doctors, the limited facilities for hospitalization, and the sometimes high cost of medical treatment prevailing today, the question is frequently raised: "What about socialized medicine?" Some go on to comment, "It seems to be working well in England, and the people seem to like it; why should we not try it here?"

We were pondering the matter the other day when the postman laid on our desk the article herewith. Because it is so timely, and so pointed, we couldn't resist sharing it with you. This account, factual in all its details, was written by an American woman living in England, the widow of a distinguished evangelist. For obvious reasons, we cannot divulge her name.

Her experiences with socialized medicine, British variety, are enlightening—humorously and delightfully written. They read like fiction—but you can take our word for it, they're not!

THE SILENT STARS

(Continued from previous page)

snow like sand against the windows.

Ray was pouring coffee when she entered the kitchen. His face was strong, with a square chin and a sensitive mouth; his brown eyes had a dreamy look, his hands too were strong and graceful.

"Sit down," he ordered brusquely.

"Can't I be of any help?"

"Look," he said, "you've got enough to do just bein' quiet for the next few days."

"No," she said. "That isn't what they say. I'm supposed to keep going."

"Well, that ain't the way I heard it. You're to stay quiet."

Why did he continue to use such English? Surely he knew how it irritated her, a teacher for years. That was one of several things she had expected to change after their marriage. She had hoped to uproot the bitterness, and she had hoped to get him out to the village church where she sang in the choir. But Ray had gone his own way, getting more stubborn all the time.

THE baby was her idea. Ray had wanted her to continue teaching, for a few more years anyhow, until he could afford to buy a business of his own. But she had hoped that a baby would help to change things, draw them closer. Now she was beginning to fear that a child might make things worse. Ray was moody and unhappy. Slowly and sadly they were drifting apart.

And the loneliness she felt away off up here on the hill was beginning to get her down. The only neighbors were Dr. Cunningham and his wife who had retired to his old family homestead on the other side of the hill. But she seldom saw either of them. They had each other and their friends in the city. She couldn't even see their lights at night. That was what she missed most—a neighbor's lights—and not being able to run next door for a chat.

Ray sat dunking his doughnuts and eating in silence.

"How deep is it, Ray?" she said finally, trying to guess what he was thinking about.

"Almost six inches already," he said. "If it keeps up all day like this, I may not get back. You'd better come down with me to the village. You could stay with Grace—or somebody."

"I wouldn't want to impose—"

"No," he said sarcastically, "you wouldn't."

"Ray, it's not that. I mean while I'm this way. Anything might happen."

"Well, it might happen here—and then where would you be? Where

(Continued on page 78)

Maggie has her Methods

Guns and walls and guards
are not needed in this correc-
tional institution for girls.
Christian love and interest
manage to turn the trick!

By

JEROME BRONDFIELD



PHOTO BY CRAGG

Maggie Reilley, one of America's most remarkable penologists and humanitarians.

MARGUERITE REILLEY, superintendent of Marysville Reformatory, the Ohio penitentiary for women, gets a lot of letters from former inmates. This particular letter was from Helene, who had done time for armed robbery and had once been as tough a prisoner as Maggie Reilley ever had to deal with. Helene wrote that she'd fallen in love. The young man wanted to marry her. But Helene wasn't quite sure of him. Could she and her young man pay a visit so Mrs. Reilley could get a line on the man?

Maggie telegraphed, "Come ahead."

Helene and her young man drove to Marysville from Cincinnati and Maggie took them downtown to lunch. Just before they left Maggie took the girl aside and said, "He's a swell boy—grab him!"

Every day brings Maggie Reilley news of an ex-inmate's engagement, a new job, a new baby that has been named Marguerite, or a plea for advice on everything from how to contest a will to what color rug would go best with a pink-walled bedroom.

The women who leave Marysville never forget Marguerite Reilley. What she does for them during their stay, and often continues to do after they've left, makes a lasting impression on

them. It also makes her one of America's most remarkable penologists and humanitarians.

For a week I lived at Marysville Reformatory, the only man among 350 women prisoners. They had been convicted of crimes ranging from hatchet-murders on down through armed robbery, arson, grand larceny and forgery. Yet there are no walls around Marysville, no guards and no weapons. The women who go about the prison grounds do so without hindrance or observation.

Sometimes Ohio citizens complain about this situation to the office of the state Commissioner of Corrections. Members of the office explain politely that they aren't afraid of a mass escape; the women wouldn't want to embarrass Maggie Reilley.

The office folk know what the inmates of Marysville know. . . .

AT 2:30 one bitter January night the phone rang at Maggie's bedside. Picking it up, she heard the sobbing voice of Luella, an ex-inmate out on parole. Luella said she was in a bus station 50 miles away. She had her sick two-year-old boy with her. She had left her ne'er-do-well father and had set out on her own. Now, cold, flat broke,

heartsick, she had no place to go.

Maggie told her to wait right there. She climbed into her car, drove the 50 icy miles, and brought Luella and her baby to Marysville. Maggie put the girl to bed in her home and stayed up all night with the sick child. In the next two weeks Maggie lined up a good job for Luella, and arranged for the child to stay with a fine young farm family nearby.

MAKE a woman who is sent to prison *feel* her self-improvement," Maggie says, "teach her humility, convince her that you're more interested in her future than her past, and you've got her on the way to rehabilitation."

The women at Marysville live in cottages, and each girl is encouraged to decorate her room (never called a cell) as she pleases. The rooms have colored bedspreads, print window draperies and frilly dressing tables. Almost every girl has a radio. The women must visit the prison beauty shop once a week. Even in this no-man's land she won't let them lose the inherent feminine desire to look their best.

The inmates soon learn from Marguerite that although they must pay a
(Continued on page 48)

Pat CHRIST



There's an encouraging trend away from the pagan and silly and vulgar greeting cards which make a mockery of Christian holy days. Here's how you can strike a blow for your faith!

BY BETTY BYRD

ILLUSTRATOR: GEORGE WILSON

THE greeting card shop was warm with color—red and green paper festooned from the ceiling, holly-wreathed windows, silver bells swinging from wall niches. There was the smell of paste and perfume and snow-damp furs; the happy harassed talk of people a few weeks before Christmas.

A woman shopper was hunting patiently along the racks of greeting cards. She considered a few, then put them down and continued her search. Finally she went over to a salesgirl surrounded by other customers.

"Where," she asked, "are the Christmas cards?"

The girl stared at her. "We have dozens," she snapped. "Mother, Father, Brother, Sister, Uncle—"

"I meant religious cards."

"Oh." The girl shrugged. "There's half a rack there in the back."

I watched as the woman made her way toward the rear of the shop. People stared at her curiously. She had asked for cards that commemorated Christmas for what it was—Christ's birthday.

Only one out of five Christmas cards

has religious significance. Though the spirit of the birthday is ignored, the holiday is not. Americans are sending 1½ billion Christmas cards this year.

This would astonish the sixteen-year-old boy who designed the first Christmas card back in 1843. William Maw Egley, a London engraver's apprentice, tried to sell his idea to conservative England, and failed. People were used to sending Christmas letters on specially decorated stationery, and Egley's drawing of a skating scene, a banquet and a Punch-and-Judy show was considered unconventional.

This year, 100 million Christmas cards will picture Santa Claus. Even more popular are holly motifs, poinsettias and mistletoe. Whimsical animals are favorite designs—puppies snuggled into slippers, capering fauns, beribboned kittens. There are humorous cards, gay cards, sophisticated cards. And—far down the scale in popularity—religious cards.

YET this one religious Christmas greeting out of each five represents a triumph—and an unmistakable trend. Today there are twice as many religious designs as there were five years ago, and several new categories. Cards with special messages for clergymen outnumber all the others in this group by approximately two to one, indicating that the public is inclined to feel a bit guilty about sending the pastor an ordinary card. This at least shows an awareness of the Christmas spirit. And nineteen basic religious motifs represent an increase of three over last year's cards.

These motifs are the familiar ones—the infant Christ and His mother; wise men, angels, shepherds. But some are less traditional. There are prayers with illuminated borders, and "An Interesting Merry Christmas Story" which reveals how Phillips Brooks and his organist composed "O Little Town of Bethlehem" eighty years ago.

Growing interest in cards of this type is attributed to increased church attendance during the past two years; to the Korean crisis and the general insecurity that has turned people to the consideration of spiritual matters; and to the unprecedented co-operation of twenty-nine Protestant denominations working through the Department of Evangelism of the National Council of Churches.

The Department of Evangelism has

CHRISTIAN HERALD

in your Christmas Cards

a simple, direct program. It asked greeting card publishers for more Christian Christmas cards, promising that it would urge 31 million church members to purchase the cards in greater numbers. The publishers complied. Councils of churches and ministerial associations are being asked to help depaganize the celebration of Christmas. There have been pageants and carol programs not only in churches, but in hospitals, prisons, stores, factories, and over the radio—all aimed at putting Christ into Christmas.

BUT IT isn't organized groups alone who are responsible. Individuals, tiring of flipness, are buying cards that reflect the original meaning of Christmas. A child I know cut through to this basic idea by rejecting a comic card chosen for him by his mother.

"That silly thing?" he said indignantly. "I want to send a card Jesus would like. It's His birthday, isn't it?"

Happily this perception is not confined to children. Yet many people seem to think that the religious card is old-fashioned. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The old-fashioned cards were mainly floral pieces, like those designed by Louis Prang, the Boston lexicographer who published the first American Christmas card in 1875. These cards were delicate reproductions of Killarney roses, daisies, apple blossoms. Later Prang printed snow scenes and Santa Clauses, but there was little religious symbolism.

It is cheap sophistication, currently considered "modern" that is actually "old-fashioned." A personal Christmas card of the 1880's, indicative of the trend that followed, wished the recipient "A most consummate Christmas and an utterly, utterly New Year!"

A decade later the novelty card appeared, at that time a new low in vulgarity. Christmas cards were decorated with cigar butts, seaweed, corks, luggage labels, grass, bits of bacon. It wasn't until World War I that the religious card came into view, and even then it was relegated to an unimportant position. Santa scooped up Christmas, put it in his pack and ran off with it.

It will probably take many years to put Santa in his rightful place, as a happy legend rather than a symbol. With the centuries he has changed from a thin ascetic saint to the con-

vivial gentleman we see pictured today. He's gained a lot of weight through the years, and prestige along with it. Santa is delightful. There is nothing wrong with him—as far as he goes. But his breadth is physical rather than spiritual.

Christmas card senders are realizing this, but very gradually. There is still considerable reluctance to buy cards with religious messages—and in small towns as well as in big cities. It's no deliberate perversion. We just haven't given sufficient thought to the underlying meaning of Christmas cards—and Christmas itself. Either that, or we were in the past discouraged by the slim pickings on the religious rack.

This year there is a better variety of "religious" cards. Among the hundreds I looked through there are many with no message other than, "With best

wishes for Christmas and the New Year," allowing the religious art to speak for itself. Among these are reproductions of Madonnas by Raphael, Murillo, Botticelli and other great masters—and for five cents. There are sincere religious messages on other cards, neither pious nor stilted.

A religious novelty which appears in a general line of Christmas greetings is a three-dimensional card—a tiny manger scene surrounded by a large golden sunburst, which may be hung on the Christmas tree.

In a wide price range, the true to-Christmas cards have dignity and charm. At worst, they are over-decorated, or "busy," as the trade terms a spotty or crowded scene. Ostentation and lurid colors are in the minority.

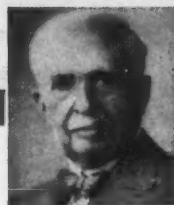
How do greeting card publishers feel



J. C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN

COVENANT FOR AMERICANS



FELLOW AMERICANS, let us get back to bedrock fundamentals, to the place where we recognize that something for nothing is as morally reprehensible as it is economically unsound and unsafe. Let us each shoulder his share of the responsibility for strengthening the moral and spiritual life of America.

The dark clouds of Communism are settling over the East and even rolling in over Europe. Our foreign commitments are heavy and the dangers of war are great. But if we, the American people, are to play our historic role in this 20th century, we must first of all be internally sound. Except we are internally sound, we can never be externally great. Except we're economically solvent, we can't possibly be, over any protracted period of time, militarily strong. And our moral and spiritual strength must have sound industrial, economic and social foundations. Nor can we fight Communism as an ideology except we can show to the peoples of the world that we have something finer, better and infinitely greater right here in America.

A present trend has to be reversed. The "something for nothing" idea must be repudiated. Public opinion has to be changed, or we shall lose for ourselves and our children every good and wholesome thing we cherish. Let's be up and about the supreme business of being free Americans. Let us recognize the dangers that are about us and the opportunity that is before us. Let us see the full glory of "this last best hope of earth," and accepting responsibility as our fathers did at the nation's birth, let us covenant together, humbly and sincerely "pledging ourselves, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" to the cause of a free and greater America.

about the gradual trend toward Christian greetings? Mark Finch, sales executive for one of the best-known firms said, "The trend is heartening not only spiritually, but politically. Belief in God is basic in our democracy. By buying religious cards people are taking sides against Communism. This may be unconscious or deliberate. In any case, it's healthy."

STEVE Shannon, speaking for the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers, agrees with Mr. Finch that the publishers would like to see an increase in the demand for religious greetings. "It's decidedly not 'old-fashioned' to buy such cards—it's modern. In 1880 the percentage of churchgoers was infinitely smaller than it is today. Church membership is higher than ever before in Protestant history."

I asked Mr. Shannon who was responsible for the verses on the cards.

Some verse writers, he said, are on the staffs of the various publishers. Others are free-lancers—housewives, teachers, nurses, clerks—men and women in various occupations who earn pin money in their spare time.

Those who devote their full time, and are sufficiently talented and prolific, may make a comfortable living from verse writing. But all the writers are specialists, professionals in their fields.

"Greeting cards must have sincerity and warmth—especially religious cards," Mr. Shannon said. "You can't fake religious verse, nor write tongue-in-cheek. Messages must be fresh and original, and yet expressed as from the heart."

It's the message that sells a card. People will hunt patiently for just the right sentiment. But the art work attracts the buyer and lures him toward the purchase.

"Most of the publishers maintain large art staffs," Mr. Shannon told me. "Greeting cards aren't trivial things that can be dashed off with a sketch and a jingle. It takes about eighteen months of patient planning and meticulous execution to create one new card." And, we might add, because of the apathy of churchgoers, the chance is only one in five that it will have anything to do with the real Christmas!

Some people still want nonsense to send on Christ's birthday. Within

the bounds of decency, this is supplied. But it is our fault, not the publishers', that cards like these are popular:

A boy in a nightshirt: "How y' was? What y' diddin? A Merry Christmas, an' I ain't kiddin'."

A butcher slicing baloney: "To You Away From Home—No Matter How Thin You Slice it, it's Still a Merry Christmas!"

A cat with a corn popper: "Just Poppin' the Same Old Corn—Merry Christmas to You."

From such dreary humor we learn that the Christmas message is to some people, "the same old line." We see donkeys and strutting tomcats, cocktail glasses and whiskey bottles.

These are cards that are supposed to express love—God to man and man to man. For basically that is what we are trying to express when we send Christmas cards to our family and friends—love, respect, gratitude. Christmas messages are a way of shrinking the globe to the cosy proportions of our own hearth and drawing close the friends who are half a world away.

WHEN we take the time to personalize the greeting we buy, we greatly enhance its value. No publisher can place your baby's first scrawl on a Christmas card or tuck in a sprig of holly or bayberry from your front yard. Christmas is commercial only as we make it so ourselves through laziness or lack of imagination and good taste.

Women buy 80% of America's Christmas greetings so it would seem that it is up to them to set the standards. If you would like to see the religious Christmas card take its rightful place, (1) refuse to buy from dealers who maintain a skimpy selection of genuine Christmas cards. Ask for a full line of religious greetings. Most dealers will be glad to co-operate. After all, it's good business. (2) If your pastor has not mentioned the importance of Christian cards in his sermons, suggest that he do so. Set an example for young people—explain to them that the truly modern card is the one that expresses the *meaning* of the season. Most children, unspoiled by sophistry, will delight in the dramatic and true story. (3) Greeting card publishers are waiting to hear from you, anxious to know what you want. *Tell them.* And a word of appreciation for the fine cards they *have* produced will encourage them to publish more.

If we allow Christmas cards to parody a sublime idea, we are cheapening our own standards. Until we get over our national embarrassment about religious Christmas greetings we will be guilty of national hypocrisy, professing a faith which we are too timid to defend.

THE END



That's what they call Delbert Lean at Wooster College where his annual reading of Dickens' story is a long and exciting tradition

By HOWARD LOWRY

OVER a century ago, in 1843, Charles Dickens published "A Christmas Carol." But for the community of Wooster, Ohio—both town and college—1904 is a more meaningful date. In this year, Delbert G. Lean, then a young student in Boston, began his readings of the "Carol" that have continued to the present day. In 1908, Dr. Lean came to Wooster, where every year since, with but two exceptions, his rendering of Dickens' story has been the high point of Christmas for the college, the town, and many towns round about. He estimates that he has read the "Carol" publicly more than eight hundred times—more often, probably, than has any other man living. The Lionel Barrymores, the Basil Rathbones, and others of whatever talent are all mere apprentices in the light of his long record. Wooster will have it no other way—the "Christmas Carol" is Delbert Lean.

Readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD know Dr. Lean as the author of wise and charming essays that draw largely on the summers he spends at the Chain-o-

Lakes near Waupaca, Wisconsin. In these essays they sense something of his quiet humor, his warm affinity for life in many forms, his relative honesty about the fish he catches, his deep faith, and his shrewd observing of men and nature. But his readers do not know the Delbert Lean we know—the teacher, citizen, and gifted friend who comes into his own around the holidays as the interpreter of the "Christmas Carol."

Delbert Lean was born in Palmyra, Wisconsin, on August 28, 1878. His father was a Methodist minister, the Reverend John S. Lean, former superintendent of the Milwaukee district, who died a few years ago at the age of eighty-seven. After graduating from Lawrence College, Delbert Lean was engaged in advanced study at Emerson College in Boston and at Harvard University. In 1908 he began his long career as teacher in the department of speech at the College of Wooster.

Dr. Louis Edward Holden, then

ILLUSTRATOR: LEONARD RUBEN

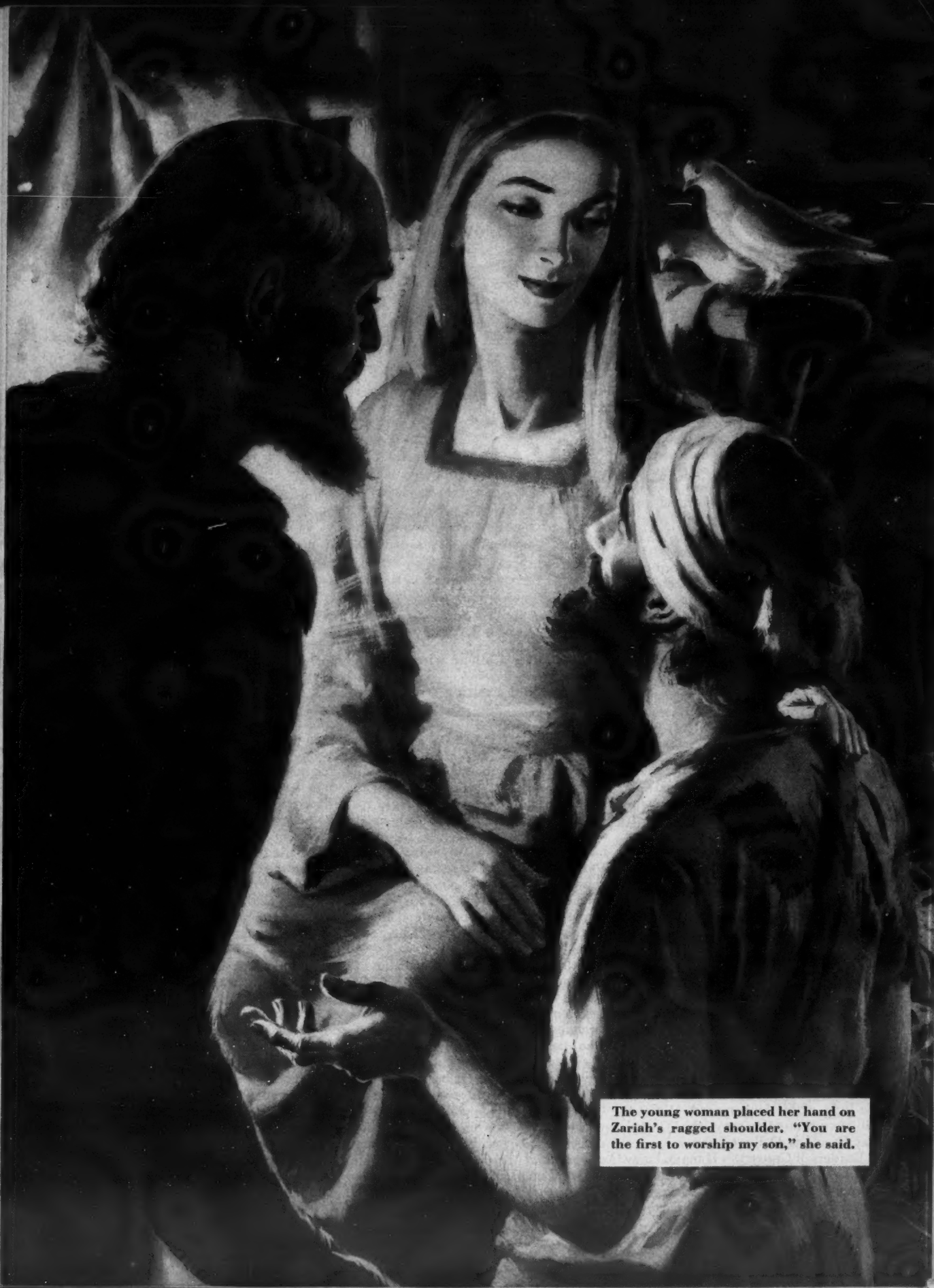


The "Christmas Carol" is Delbert Lean.

president of Wooster, was seeking a man to teach oratory. In the strapping young giant from Boston he found his man. The new instructor required much work from his students, introduced them to world drama, put his enormous energy into training debaters and orators who won contests right and left over the years, and gave of himself in every way to students who today, across the world, remember him with affection few men ever manage to win. He began to be a large part of Wooster's happier life.

HE became part of its heart and soul, too. Some of us think that no kindlier or more understanding man walks the earth. He has an almost incredible love of people, with quick power to identify himself with them and to be genuinely concerned about every phase of life about him. No nuance of a friend's joys or sorrows eludes him; and no chore for a friend is too great for his undertaking. He serves his home town in many ways and in all good causes. Altogether he has furnished college and community the thorough-going example of a warm-hearted practical

(Continued on page 68)



The young woman placed her hand on Zariah's ragged shoulder, "You are the first to worship my son," she said.

The Kneeling Man

By Margaret E. Sangster

THEY called him the kneeling man—those other beggars who thronged the marketplace by day, who crawled into alleys when night came so that they might lick their sores like the pariah dogs whose cousins they were. And though, among the beggars, there were some who were friends, the kneeling man was as one apart. He hated bitterly and was hated bitterly in return. He never spoke good of anyone. Even his thanks for coins that were tossed him were grudging, sneering thanks, and the curses he threw after those who didn't toss coins were frightening to hear.

For the most part they were cripples, these beggars of Jerusalem, and outcasts, not only of society, but of hope! Bent bodies, crooked spines; bent hearts, crooked souls. Gnarled, broken hands that would creep into a rich man's pocket if he weren't looking; hands that would steal a poor man's last coin. Legless, some of them, and armless, eyeless some of them. Some of them little children whose deformities brought them more money than the adults. Women, some of whom had been beautiful in their youth but had been so twisted by disease—both physical and mental—that there was no semblance of beauty left. But from all of them the kneeling man was separate. He never told them how his special deformity had come about. It was believed that he had been born with his lower legs bent at right angles from his upper legs, with his knees doing the work of feet, with his feet limp and futile.

To hear him shuffling along the street was to hear heavy sand blowing in the trackless desert, to hear dry leaves blowing in the autumn gale. The tapping of a crutch—that was understandable. The halting sound caused by a limp could be recognized. But this shuffling sound was something that belonged to neither

man nor beast and yet to both, in the lowest form.

Once the oldest beggar talked to the youngest about Zariah—for such was the kneeling man's name. "We're all bitter," said the oldest beggar, "but Zariah is beyond bitterness. He hates humanity with such a depth of hatred that even I—who have known all depravity—shudder as he passes. To be close to him is to be close to evil. Not an evil that lurks in the shadows waiting a chance to maim or to destroy, but an evil that permeates, that seeps through the body and pollutes it. When Zariah bathes at the fountain—"

"If he ever does," snickered the youngest beggar.

The oldest beggar went on, unheeding. "When he bathes at the fountain it has been poisoned! If he snatches at a crust of bread we don't try to take it away from him because if his fingers have touched it, the bread is bad and will not stave off the pangs of hunger."

There were stories about Zariah. The cleverest thief among the beggars whispered that Zariah was not poor.

"He has gold stored away on his person. He wears it in little leather pouches hung among his rags. Gold that he's stolen, gold that the wealthy and superstitious have given him so that he will not curse them!"

"He's cursed all of us at some time or another," another beggar whispered. "Even though he hasn't mouthed the words, he's *thought* them!" And the cleverest thief shivered and turned away muttering, "Why doesn't Herod have the man crucified?" And the mutter was heard by the oldest beggar.

"How," queried he, "can a man be crucified whose legs are bent in such a fashion? To crucify a man's body it must follow the shape of a cross. He's too misshapen even to be crucified!"

And so Zariah lived (Continued on next page)

ILLUSTRATION BY

Zingaro

and so he would have died—had it not been for a light that shone across the world. Zariah had no premonition of the light, but one day he started to move south. There was a festival coming up and Zariah knew that at such a time people had money with them and were overly generous and were also overly superstitious.

"When folks are carrying such full purses," he thought, "I can have things my own way." People would shrink from him, but at the same time they'd fear him and pay him well to keep out of their paths. At a time of plenty a man's conscience doesn't want to be burdened with fear and a woman's heart doesn't desire to shrivel into itself.

So Zariah traveled south, scuffling along through the dust of the road on his knees and when a stone got in his way he shoved at it with his knees and the dust rose thick about him and powdered his dark unkempt hair and made him look older than he was. And as he traveled along the road he heard people talking in terms of discontent and it increased his own discontent and he might have turned back—out of sheer perversity—if he'd known that the beggars of Jerusalem were happier because he'd left. For the oldest beggar, aware of the fact that Zariah was no longer with them, had said with relief, "The air is cleaner since Zariah's quit the city gates." And the cleverest thief said, "I'll have a chance now to do business, with Zariah gone."

Yes, Zariah traveled south and he was part of a crowd now. Sometimes he'd stumble and fall in front of a merchant who wore damask robes and if the merchant were kindly and helped pick him up, Zariah's hand would slither along the merchant's body and unerringly find the place where money was lodged.

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, everyone to his own city. But Zariah, cousin to the stray dogs, had no city of his own, so his way led, because he went as the crowd went, to the city of David which was called Bethlehem. And when he came to the outskirts of the city he rested on his knees and leaned back and tilted his face up to the sky and cursed the sunlight that was warm upon his head. But the sun didn't cease to shine. Though Zariah's curses might scare mortal men, they couldn't reach to the sky.

Yes, Zariah paused on the outskirts of the city to catch his breath. And he saw white flocks dotting the distant hills, and he saw homes nestling against the hillsides and other homes on the plain, and in the center of the town an

inn that looked larger than most village inns. And the roads that led into town all converged toward the inn, and Zariah laughed, but the laughter didn't show on his mouth or in his eyes.

"I'll take up my place in the courtyard of the inn," he told himself. "Let the other beggars cry their woes in Jerusalem, let them have the mites, I'll have the gold! I'll kneel there at the entrance to the courtyard and some of the people who pass me by will be sorry for me and those who aren't sorry for me will be sorry for themselves when I've told them what the future may hold for them."

So Zariah scuffled down the road and the sound he made was the sound of sand which blows in the desert when



Christmas Eve

" 'Tis Christmas Eve and once again
As on that night so long ago,
There comes a knocking at the inn,
And then a voice soft and low—

"Sir, may we here a lodging find,
A shelter 'gainst the wintry night?
The journey has been long and hard
And we are craving warmth and light."

So now what will the answer be?
Shall we like the inn's host of yore,
Refuse an entrance, curt and grim,
And hasten to make fast the door?

Or shall we fling the portal wide,
Extend a welcome warm and bright,
That in our own unworthy hearts
The Christ-child may be born this night?
—Marguerite Graham



there's no oasis in sight, and it was like the rustling of dead leaves in the gale when winter is just around the corner. He shuffled effortlessly when there was no one to be impressed for it was a habit with him. He'd been a kneeling man for so long, and a kneeling boy before that, and just to keep in practice he cursed the mother who'd borne him and whom he could not remember. And finally, as dusk was falling over the little town of Bethlehem, he came to the courtyard of the inn and lights were beginning to blossom in the windows and he took up his station in a spot where the light fell across his ugliness and his deformity, and his whining voice rose and fell with the shifting shadows.

"Alms, alms," he begged. "If you

hope for kindness when you face your Maker give to me now! Jehovah's stricken me down, and he will strike you down also, unless you help me . . . Alms, kind lady. *Do you turn your head away?* Then may all your children be as I am, and their children after them." His voice turned to a sneer, "Thank you, lady, for changing your mind! Alms, kind sir, and if it's gold you give me I'll curse your greatest enemy."

So it went as twilight deepened to dusk and dusk became night and Zariah dug into his tattered garments and snatched out bread and meat. As he wolfed the food down he thought of the fine viands that were being eaten beyond the doors of the inn and his hatred of the inn's guests swelled and grew and it merged with his heartbeats. *Thud, thud, thud* went his heart; *thud, thud, thud* went his hatred! And suddenly he heard an echo to that thudding. He turned his head and saw coming toward him, down the road, a patient donkey and a tall man who led the donkey and a woman who drooped forward wearily in the saddle. And as they drew close to the inn courtyard he saw that she was great with child. And he started one of his routine curses: "*May your child, yet unborn, be as evil to look upon as I am unless you give me silver.*"

And then a new idea took possession of him. "That father will be proud and happy in a little while," he thought. "That woman's young—it will be his first-born child. If I appear to him directly after the child is born he'll be very generous. . . . It was clever of me to come to Bethlehem this day!"

So Zariah, almost to his own surprise, drew back and the donkey passed him with the *thud, thud* of hoofs on the cobblestones of the courtyard and the woman who drooped in the saddle turned her head ever so slightly and as her eyes met Zariah's she smiled. And he drew away from that smile as if someone had struck him, because the smile held no trifle of horror or loathing or fear or even pity. It was the sweet, tired smile of a woman who was very close to her greatest moment.

Crawling backwards on his knees across the stones of the courtyard, Zariah made way for the donkey and for the man who led it. Usually, he didn't draw back; he let donkeys go around him, and people, too. He couldn't explain why his head turned to follow the progress of the donkey or why he listened so eagerly to the voice of the man who led the donkey.

The man was arguing with the innkeeper, now. "But my wife's exhausted," the man was saying, "she can't go any farther. You must give her space, sir." (Continued on page 63)



Always Christmas

BY FAITH BALDWIN

MOST magazine readers are aware that stories and articles must, of necessity, be written well in advance of publication. Yet it does not seem at all strange to me to be writing of Christmas just as autumn comes flaming along, with hot days and cool, starry nights. For to me, Christmas is always. And surely the birth of the Master should keep our hearts celebrant all year round.

I once wrote a short story about a girl, homesick for New England, spending her first Christmas in the tropics. No editor liked it well enough to publish it, but I believe it had a factual and a spiritual truth. For in it her young husband pointed out to her that the birthplace of Jesus was not white with snow nor sharp with cold, that the trees which sang together then were palm trees, not pine nor balsam. And so she came to learn that the Christmas climate lies in the heart and soul.

All this past summer we have witnessed the slow turning of earth's wheel, in the house new to us and alive with so many workmen that only before eight-thirty, mornings and four-

thirty, afternoons, could we hear ourselves think. But time has gone so quickly. As you grow older the seasons tread upon one another's heels. Now it's summer, tomorrow autumn, and then you wake to carols and look ahead to spring.

Although we did not see the spring bloom here nor the first returning birds, we had their summer visit—a cloud of birds, a multitude of bunnies, performing for us every early evening. And in the autumn come the stranger birds, on the way south, stopping here overnight, or for a day or two, as any traveller at (he trusts) a pleasant hotel. So up go the feeders, and we shall hope for guests who will linger all winter, mindful, however, that we must continue to provide food and drink.

At the other house, we had many feeders, and brought them along. There each Christmas season, we cut a small cedar in the woods and set it between the terrace stones and trimmed it for the birds' Christmas tree. Well wrapped against the chill, we strung popcorn and cranberries like jeweled

(Continued on page 82)

ILLUSTRATOR: RICHARD OTT



IF JESUS CAME

Written and illustrated by JOAN GALE THOMAS



I'd offer Him my rocking chair,
—it's such a comfy seat—
and at the pleasant fireplace
He'd warm His little feet.

My kitten and my puppy dog
would sit beside His chair
and they would be as pleased as I
at seeing Jesus there.

If Jesus came to my house
and knocked upon the door
I'm sure I'd be more happy
than I've ever been before.



If Jesus came to my house
I'd like Him best to be
about the age that I am
and about the height of me.

I'd run downstairs to meet Him,
the door I'd open wide,
and I would say to Jesus,
'Oh, won't you come inside?'



And if the flowers I'd planted
were blooming on that day
I'd pick a bunch of all the best
for Him to take away.



Then while He held the basket
I would gather two or three
of the ripest rosy apples
from my special apple tree.

And all the little birds would come
and twitter up above
for joy at seeing Jesus
in the garden that they love.

And then we'd play with all my toys,
my nicest toys of course,
and He should have the longest ride
upon my rocking horse.

And with my bricks I'd build for Him
a palace of His own,
and He should be the little King
and sit upon the throne.



Reprinted by permission
from the book
IF JESUS CAME TO MY HOUSE
(Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, \$1).

TO MY HOUSE



I know the little Jesus
can never call on me
in the way that I've imagined—
like coming in to tea.

But I can go to His house
and kneel and say a prayer,
and I can sing and worship Him
and talk with Him in there.



And when we'd done we'd stack the toys
all neatly on the shelf,
but first I'd let Him choose the best
and keep them for Himself.



The flowers in my garden
He may not pick Himself,
but someone else would like them
upon his mantelshelf.



And though He may not occupy
my cozy rocking chair,
a lot of other people
would be happy sitting there.



And when at last the day was done
and shadows crossed the sky,
I'd see Him to the garden gate
and there we'd say goodbye,

And He'd perhaps say, "Thank you
for a lovely afternoon,"
and I would say, 'I do so hope
you'll come back very soon.'



I still can share with Jesus
the nicest of my toys
by lending them or giving them
to poorer girls and boys.

And though He may not visit me
as I have wished He would,
yet even so He'll bless my house
if I am kind and good.



And I can make Him welcome
as He Himself has said,
by doing all I would for Him
for other folk instead.



Fear Not!



TEXT: "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2:10

By ELMER E. LEIPHART

AN ANGEL on a Judean hilltop sang the answer to the world's fears. That answer was Christ—the swaddled Babe in a manger, the Redeemer-to-be of Calvary. "Fear not," the angel comforted shepherds watching their sheep by night, and shouted the good tidings that were then, and forever shall be, the most stunning rebuttal of fear ever made.

One of the great problems of modern life is fear. Fears like sins do so easily beset us. As a matter of fact, fears follow upon sin. No sooner had Adam and Eve sinned than they were afraid and tried to hide from God. Fears readily come upon us in times of crises. When we are under tensions our nerves become tired, and fears lodge more readily.

How to live without fear is one of the great personal problems of modern life. Jesus knew human nature, and the words "Fear not" were frequently upon the lips of our Lord. In Luke 2:10, we have that wonderful message of the angel of the Lord: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

God is concerned about helping people to overcome fear. Even today, despite all our progress, fears are common, and generally disturbing and destructive. We are told that small children have only two fears: a fear of falling, and a fear of loud noises. As people grow older they acquire many fears.

Some fears are the result of obsessions, and make the victims uncomfortable and unhappy. Some persons are afraid of darkness, others are afraid to be alone, and some are afraid to be in crowds. Many are afraid of what time may bring to them, or do against them. Some are afraid of the past; they fear that something may be uncovered which will do them harm. Others are afraid of the present; they live through imaginary trouble three times: before it comes, while it is seem-

ingly present, and after it is gone. Others are afraid of the future; the days to come are shrouded in mystery, and they are fearful of the unknown.

Some people fear other persons. They are afraid that someone will say something against them, or do them harm. Generally they themselves have not been kind, nor friendly, and they judge others to be like themselves. We need to remember that the secret of friendship is to be a friend.

OTHER people fear old age, poverty, sickness, and even death. They forget that old age can make the contribution of wisdom and poise. It is that part of life for which the first was made. Old age is the crowning period of life, and if we have lived wisely and well, we may face it with confidence and with courage. Comparative poverty may be a blessing in disguise. Sickness may be used to enrich the soul. And if we have faith in Christ, death is not the last enemy, but really a friend. Physical death frees us from the restrictions of sense and time. Death is the passage-way into the heavenly country where there is no pain, sickness, sorrow, nor

death. Death for the faithful is the crowning of life.

The apostle John rightly says, "Fear hath torments," and it is a disturber in life. Fear deranges and paralyzes the mind. It disorganizes the will, and makes wholesome action impossible. Fear distorts our outlook, and sometimes results in mental breakdowns. Many persons become mentally ill because of fear, and before they can be restored their fears must be resolved. The victims of fear must come to know the truth, and as they appropriate the truth they are set free. It has rightly been said that "The price of mental health is facing reality."

Fear also may bring bodily harm, for it tends to disorganize the human system. The more the fearful person thinks of his fear symptoms the stronger the fears and the symptoms become. Thus a vicious cycle is set in operation, and unless controlled, harm and disease may be the result.

Fear also produces social maladjustments and problems. Much of the friction between capital and labor may have its basis in fear. Fear sometimes plays a part in inspiring race prejudice and hatreds. The Negro problem in our country may arise from the fear of the loss of tradition and position.

FEAR is undoubtedly back of much of the hatred of the Jewish people. People of the Jewish race are adept at getting and controlling wealth, and they are generally keen intellectually. Money and knowledge is power, and
(Continued on page 87)



THE AUTHOR is pastor of Philadelphia's Christ Evangelical and Reformed Church, where he has served since 1947. Born in York County, Pa., Dr. Leiphart received his education at Ursinus College, Princeton Theological Seminary and Temple Univ. He was awarded a D.D. degree from Ursinus last year. Ordained in 1922, he served several churches in Pennsylvania and, later, St. Paul's Church, Roanoke, Va. He is the author of a number of books, including "Essentials of Successful Living," and "Believe and Live." Dr. Leiphart was president of the Philadelphia Classis of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, 1929-'30, and of the Virginia Classis, 1939-'40.

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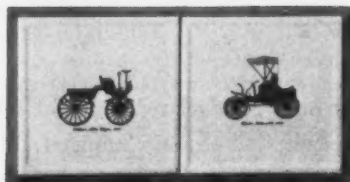


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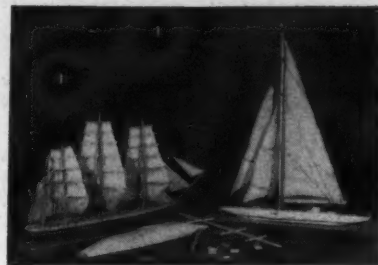
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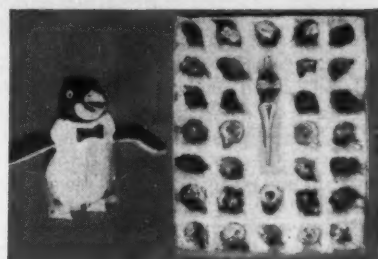
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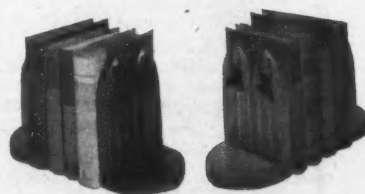
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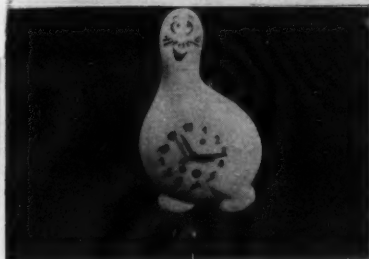


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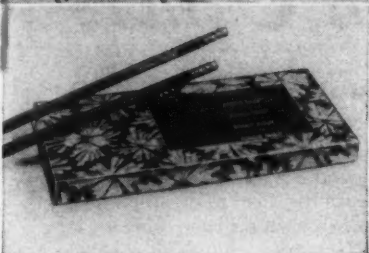
And now—here's the only Schmoor in captivity that tells time! Ready to serve you faithfully he's 7" high and 5" wide—made of easy to clean, chip-proof plastic—available in White, Pink or Blue. Easy to mount on wall. Pendulette clock works are guaranteed 30 hour movement. \$3.25 ppd. incl. Fed. Tax. Beautifully boxed from Krimstock Brothers, 112 No. 9th St., Philadelphia 7, Penna.



Spar-Lisa Bank—imported from Sweden—beautifully hand made and hand painted in gay colors. Spar Lisa means Saving Lisa. All you have to do is place a coin in her hand and the thrifty little lady automatically pivots and gratefully deposits the coin in the bank slot. Ideal gift for any child—boy or girl! 4" high and 4½" wide. \$2.95 ppd. Stockholm House, 145 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.



These Roses Need No Water—So real-looking you'll hardly believe they are hand made as you pick them out of their sturdy, green, gift box, cellophane-wrapped. Charm for every room in your home. Wonderful gifts! Excellent for parties, weddings, church decoration. Choice of life-like Roses, Daffodils or Daisies. \$1 doz. ppd. First American Flowers, Dept. P22, Box 85, N.Y. 29, N.Y.



Personalized Pencils—a gift both distinctive and economical, especially if you have a long list. Your friends will know that you have used foresight and thoughtfulness in this selection. Two dozen fine quality pencils, each stamped in gold with any name. Pencils are attractively colored and handsomely gift-boxed. \$1.25 ppd. from Personal Pencil Co., 290 Dyckman St., New York 34, N. Y.

All firms agree to refund the full amount to unsatisfied customers, except personalized items. Don't forget to add the sales tax if indicated.

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★ Santa in his red suit (13") Prancer, his favorite reindeer (14") in icy blue, stars, snow-flakes, holly berries, and cut-out letters Merry Christmas! Etched-affect translucent, sparkling, Frosty Spun Glass with "built-in adhesive" for doors, windows, mirrors. Easy to apply—just moisten the glass! Our big 56-piece pack is a gay holiday find. \$1.50 Plus 10c Postage

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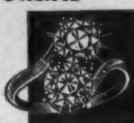
Write today for the FREE illustrated booklet that tells the full story of the latest miracle of science—the story of a glorious jewel discovered in the laboratories of one of the world's largest corporations. Read all about the Kenya Gem that so closely resembles a diamond that only an expert can tell the difference.

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Woman's Place
IN THE CHURCH
EDITED BY *Jane Kirk*

HOW YOU CAN SHARE *Christmas with Others*

CHRISTMAS is a holy time—a time of giving, a time of forgetting oneself in remembering others, a time, truly, for Christian service. What can you as a group give this Christmas? And to whom can you give?

Giving to the poor has been largely taken over by social agencies. But even if there are no longer baskets of food to be prepared for the poor, we can go a step beyond and provide for the spiritual need of those about us. Search carefully and you will seek out many lonely hearts to whom you may extend the love and cheer that make Christmas what it is.

One of the most overlooked persons at Christmas time, though she will tell

you she doesn't mind, is the busy mother who, besides having gifts to think of for her brood, probably is preparing a large dinner for relatives. Often she is so busy that what she had looked forward to as fun becomes an added burden. So benefit both mother and children by giving her a little extra freedom. Offer to oversee children at the church recreation rooms, either for the whole day, or the Saturday morning before Christmas.

Babies and toddlers should be tended separately from older children. If you have a church nursery, the cribs and playpens used there will come in handy. Play records for tiny tots, read them stories, take them for a walk. Some simple Christmas program may be planned, if you like, with games and a grab-bag. For the older children supply puzzles to work, pictures and crayons to color with, scissors, paste, magazines to cut from. For constructive activity you might have them make

Christmas scrapbooks for the hospitals or decorations for trees. Provide plenty of things for them to do, and don't expect them to stick to one thing too long.

A Nebraska church has what it calls the Family Christmas Dinner on Christmas Day. This is for members of the church who would otherwise spend a lonely Christmas, and it's worked out by them. (Those with big family dinners at home are not included.) A widow whose children live far away superintends the cooking and prepares the enormous turkey. A middle-aged woman and her maiden daughter, who have no other relatives, set the tables with attractive Christmas decorations. Several single women employed in business enjoy helping with the vegetables. Everybody helps to serve informally, just as if the dinner were at home. Each contributes what he can and extra expense is absorbed by the women's society. A notice in the church bulletin invites anyone who

is a stranger or alone in the community to come to this Christmas dinner. There may be a family new to the city, a man away from his family on business, off-duty nurses from a nearby hospital.

Make a concerted effort to discover all the people in your congregation who will be alone over Christmas. Your minister can help. Then if you aren't planning a large-scale church dinner, ask for volunteers who would like to entertain such people at dinner in their homes. Your group could act as clearing-house for invitations. This is especially helpful if members of the armed forces are stationed in your community or if there is a college nearby. There are always some students who cannot go home, and for whom the cheer of home life means much on Christmas Day.

The women of a Michigan church have created a custom which brings color and interest to an old people's home in their community. They call it the Hanging of the Greens. On the first Monday in December they come to the home, laden with wreaths, garlands, and table centerpieces, which they have made themselves at a recent meeting from evergreens furnished by members. Members of the home, dressed in their best, gather in the parlor, and the president of the women's society reads to them the Christmas story. The vice-president explains the meaning of the Hanging of the Greens, and the pastor offers a prayer. Then the whole group moves from room to room, as various honored members of the society hang the greens in appropriate places. Then they lead the way back to the parlor, where all join in singing Christmas carols, and cookies and punch are served by the home.

In your community you can always arrange a cavalcade of cars and drive groups of the old people around the city to see the Christmas lights and decorations in homes and stores.

CHRISTMAS is for shut-ins, too. In countless ways you can lighten the load for them and bring the radiance of Christmas into their lives. Your gift to the shut-in may be a present, a specially planned visit, or a service. Give careful thought to finding the right gift.

A "friendship quilt" made by the members of your group is ideal for one confined to bed or wheelchair. Assign one large block to each member. On this let her embroider in color her name and a little drawing characteristic of herself. A musician might make a few musical notes, a good cook, a frying pan, one who gardens, some flowers. At a group meeting everyone can help sew the quilt pieces together.

Other suitable gifts are hand-knit

That Economical Meat Loaf

WITH meat prices so high what shall we serve for the church supper? How can we keep the treasury in shape?

The good old standby, meat loaf, is one answer. You can still have a wide selection of meats, and nobody need have any sense of its being a budget meal when you serve a juicy loaf carefully prepared according to a good recipe.

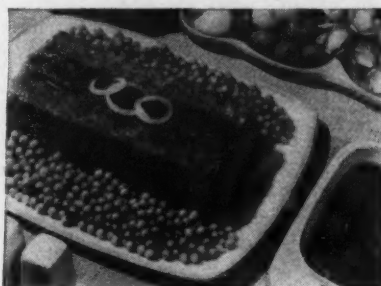
We offer this month a collection of different loaves, all delicious, all economical, any of which, we predict, will be highly successful for your next church supper. We have chosen the beef and pork loaf for our large quantity recipe. Make it in loaves to slice,



Shrimp loaf with pimiento pea sauce and served with grilled tomato halves.

or in individual portions by shaping into meat cups and cooking in muffin tins. Recipes for the other loaves pictured here (home-size, except for a hot or cold ham loaf, not shown, which is large-quantity) may be secured by checking the coupon on page 38.

Meat loaves are most adaptable. They fit in well with any kind of service you prefer because they slice so easily into equal portions for all. Loaves keep warm on the steam table while individual plates are prepared in the kitchen. Or place a sliced loaf to be passed around on each table seating six or eight. For the buffet you might



Top: Corned-beef hash loaf, served with peas. Below, left: Corn-stuffed meat roll. Right: Beef-pork loaf baked in muffin tins, topped with mashed potatoes.

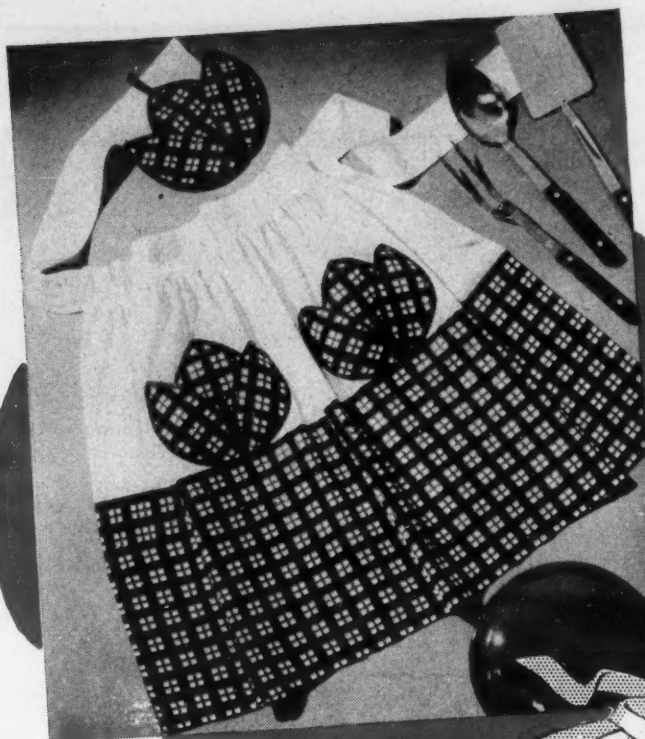
Large Quantity Recipe File

BEEF AND PORK LOAF (for 50)

Ground beef	8 lb.
Ground pork	4 lb.
Cooked rice	3 pt.
Eggs, slightly beaten	8
Grated onion	1 cup
Salt	3 tablespoons
Pepper	1 tablespoon
Poultry seasoning	1 tablespoon
Milk or soup stock	4½ cups

Combine meat and remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pack into six greased 5" x 9" loaf pans or 50 muffin cups. Roast in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) for about two hours or until done. Serve with brown gravy or tomato gravy made from the drippings.

—Courtesy National Live Stock and Meat Board



642

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642. Safety-first aprons and matching potholders. So simple to sew! They use very little fabric—mostly gay scraps. Scallop transfer; pocket and potholder patterns; cutting charts.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (in coin) for this pattern to: **CHRISTIAN HERALD**, 223, Needlecraft Dept., P. O. Box 162, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y.

TWENTY CENTS more for the Needlework Catalog with a free pattern printed in the catalog.



Sharing Christmas

(Continued from previous page)

bed socks, a pretty shawl or bed jacket, a potted plant, a spray of holly, bulbs to watch grow, soap, powder, stationery, handkerchiefs, a dresser scarf, a calendar, books, jelly or cookies.

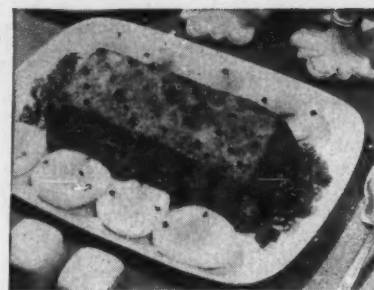
Don't forget the unselfish ones who day after day are caring for these shut-ins. Christmas is for them, too. Remember them with a pretty apron you have made, a handkerchief with hand-crocheted edging to wear in a uniform pocket, a pair of mittens if she must push a wheelchair, homemade candy or a magazine prescription.

If you intend to visit shut-ins, plan your calls in collaboration with those who are responsible for their care, so that you don't interfere with routine, and are sure of the best time and of

how long to stay. Then your coming may enable the attendant to take a little time off for errands or necessary shopping. Don't go in the spirit of doing a duty, or that impression is sure to get across to the invalid.

This doesn't mean you have to give heed to complaining. If you are visiting this kind of patient, come prepared to read—perhaps a Christmas story, some well-chosen Bible passages, or appropriate poetry. You might bring a present of a memory book, in which each member of your group has written a bit of poetry or her motto and aim in life above her signature. Reading these through may help lift the dissatisfied shut-in out of the rut of self-pity.

A bedridden household always needs someone to do marketing, mail packages or letters. Perhaps you could take home some mending to do, special



Glazed ham-veal loaf with peach halves.

ECONOMICAL MEAT LOAF

(Continued from previous page)

set out two or more different kinds of loaves and let everybody take a choice in help-yourself service.

Smorgasbord, which combines buffet and cafeteria service, is very popular. Have a vegetable smorgasbord to accompany your meat loaf supper. Prepare a variety of attractive vegetable recipes, and let people help themselves.

Vegetable dishes you might choose from include: hot potato salad, cubed or mashed Hubbard or butternut squash, small whole potatoes or onions creamed, boiled, sliced parsnips fried a golden brown, scalloped corn or tomatoes, creamed, cubed rutabaga, or shredded cabbage. Cook broccoli or snowy cauliflower, place in casserole and pour rich cheese sauce over it. Heat in the oven before serving. Combine equal parts of frozen green string beans, lima beans, and peas in a cheese sauce. For a dash of sweet don't forget glazed carrots or candied sweet potatoes. Remember pickled beets, cucumbers, peaches and pears. And for the salad touch try chunks of lettuce and cucumber with a dressing made of half mayonnaise and half sour cream well flavored with onion juice.

laundry, or do errands requiring a car. You might announce on a card that as your Christmas present you are giving the shut-in one of these services for a certain period of time. Well before Christmas you could assist with addressing and stamping Christmas cards for the incapacitated person. Or help do Christmas shopping right at home by bringing catalogs published by various stores, and magazines that include shopping columns, from which the shut-in can make selections. Set up a table, write out orders, and prepare necessary checks or money orders. Later you may gift-wrap the presents.

So seek out the needy ones of your community—those not necessarily wanting in material things, but needing your comfort and cheer. And take them an armful of the love that Christmas means.



THINGS TO DO WITH

Greeting Cards

WHAT about those beautiful and elaborate greeting cards you receive during the year and especially at Christmas? Must they be regretfully destroyed or tucked away and forgotten? With these ideas as starters you may find uses for such cards in your group's activities.

If you're planning a specific theme for your group luncheon, turn greeting cards into placecards. If yours is a "white Christmas" motif, choose a snow scene for each place. Just write individual names on them, and for an extra touch frame pictures with a tiny lace paper doily edging. Comparison of pictures will spur conversation. If you are planning a fir tree, candlestick, or poinsettia theme, choose cards accordingly.

Cut-outs from cards make easy art work for your holiday bulletin boards or any posters for Christmas activities. Or use strips or triangles of the cards pasted side by side, patchwork-quilt fashion, for a pretty border around a bulletin board or poster.

When planning little gifts for the children from the Christmas tree, make cornucopias out of the larger Christmas cards and fill with a few candies and nuts. Just roll up the card from one corner, lap the two opposite corners over well, and fasten with a paper stapler. Make a yarn handle.

Do your milk bottles have caps which just fit over the top edge? These are usually brightly colored with a rippled edge. For pretty Christmas tree decorations, take out the center circle with the name of the dealer on it, cut out a picture of the same size, paste into the center of the cap, and attach a cord to the top. You can also trim a tree effectively with whole Christmas cards attached to the branches with cellophane tape.

Have everyone bring to a group meeting her favorite poem or hymn verse, carefully written on a heavy sheet of paper. At the meeting she may choose illustrations from the

Are you in the know?



Can you be the hit of a holiday party, if you're —

- ☐ A jingle belle ☐ A snob sister ☐ Mistletoe mad

When the gang gathers 'round the piano—put new zing in the sing! Beforehand, write jingles to popular tunes: a verse about each guest at the party. *Practice rhyming* (starting now). A rhyming dictionary helps; or get an assist from the class "Pote." Jingles

pay off—in fun, popularity; even in loot, sometimes. And you'll find it pays, confidence-wise, to choose the sanitary napkin that prevents revealing outlines. Kotex! Thanks to those special *flat pressed ends*, you're free from telltale outline woe!



How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?

- ☐ Wrap as you shop ☐ Stock up on cologne ☐ Take a night off

Want to know how to beat that last-minute deadline? (1) Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them. (2) Take an evening off, to address your cards. (3) Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents—with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your calendar catch you unprepared—stock up on Kotex, in all 3 absorbencies. That special *safety center* gives you extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.



If your guy can't afford much gallivanting —

- ☐ Slip him the wherewithal ☐ Snare a spender ☐ Try parlor magic

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't squire you 'round town every night, how about a few home dates? A little parlor magic (disc music and popcorn) can help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic too in the way Kotex puts the skids on discomfort. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives wonderful softness that holds its shape!



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Servel, Inc., 20 Pine St., New York 5, N. Y.

cards to attach to her poem. Exchange these with one another, or keep them on hand to send to a member.

Use card cut-outs for illustrations on bookmarks made of construction paper (2" x 8½") and given with each Bible presented to young people or other members of the church.

Have on hand greeting cards from which to choose suitable pictures for decorating program covers or menus for banquets and suppers. If you are giving a party for teen-agers glue card cut-outs to glasses used to serve lemonade or chocolate drinks. Use whole cards folded in half to make score pads for contests.

Boxes of cookies for a shut-in can be made prettier with greeting card decorations. Scrap books, of course, are always a good way of using the pictures. For children's wards in the hospitals you might use cardboards such as those that come from the laundry in men's shirts. Fold these in half and paste pictures on front and back. Children can hold these or stand them on their beds when books are too heavy.

Sunday-school workers may find hundreds of uses for greeting cards. Coat hooks for tiny tots may be marked with different figures pasted above them, helping little ones who cannot read to remember their own places. Blotters and calendars made to take home as gifts may be deco-

rated with pictures the children choose.

Peep-shows illustrating the Christmas story may be made with greeting card cut-outs. Use a shoe box with three openings cut in the lid to let in light and a peep hole at one of the narrow ends of the box. Against the opposite narrow end, inside the box, paste a background scene, then cut out the figures, leaving a margin under the feet of each, which may be folded back and pasted to the box in such a way that the figures stand upright. Arrange your scene so that all figures may be seen from the peephole opening. Paste bits of colored cellophane or tissue paper over the openings in the top of the box. By leaving only one open at a time, you will get different lighting effects.

Triptychs can also be beautifully made with some of these pictures. Use a carton, cutting the sides for the desired design, and cover in plain crepe paper of a color to suit the season. Paste pictures on this background.

To prepare and store your cards for use, ask those who contribute to cut off the name portions of the cards before turning them in, or have your group do this. Sort and catalog all pictures. Store pictures of similar kind in separate boxes plainly labeled. They will be ready when you want them, and you will find them useful.

BAZAAR NEEDLEWORK BOOKLETS

ITEMS with eye appeal for the church fair are included in a new booklet called, "Crochet Money-Makers for Your Bazaar." It includes instructions for a sewing Susan to hold spools of thread and pin cushion, and Johnny-on-the-spot, a hanging figure to keep pins, needles and thread handy. Directions for television slippers, crocheted doll clothes, checkered apron, wash cloth and handkerchief edgings, shoe-tree mitts and jiffy doily—all for 10c. Send for Book No. 278, the Spool Cotton Co., 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22.

More quick specialties appear in "Hand 'n Hook Hobbies." This has patterns for crocheted flower basket, pansy-trimmed napkin holder and platter mat, whisk-broom cover, handkerchief apron and washcloth laundry bag, unusual beaded doily, and others. Book No. 279, 10c, the Spool Cotton Co., 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22.

Lovely edgings in crochet, tatting and hairpin lace may be made from instructions in a new booklet, "Edgings." Floral and geometric designs suitable for place mats, handker-

chiefs, towels, and pillow cases. Send for Star Book No. 81, 10c, to American Thread Co., 260 W. Broadway, New York 13.

"Beautiful, Beautiful Afghans"—and they are just that—is the title of a new Star Book, No. 82, appearing just in time for long winter evenings of crocheting. Patterns include a flowered Victorian style, Indian stripe motif, square dance, two-tone reversible, Charleston garden, and crochet fan designs. Send 10c to American Thread Co., 260 W. Broadway, New York 13.

Woman's Place Dept. (12-51)
Christian Herald
27 East 39th St., New York 16

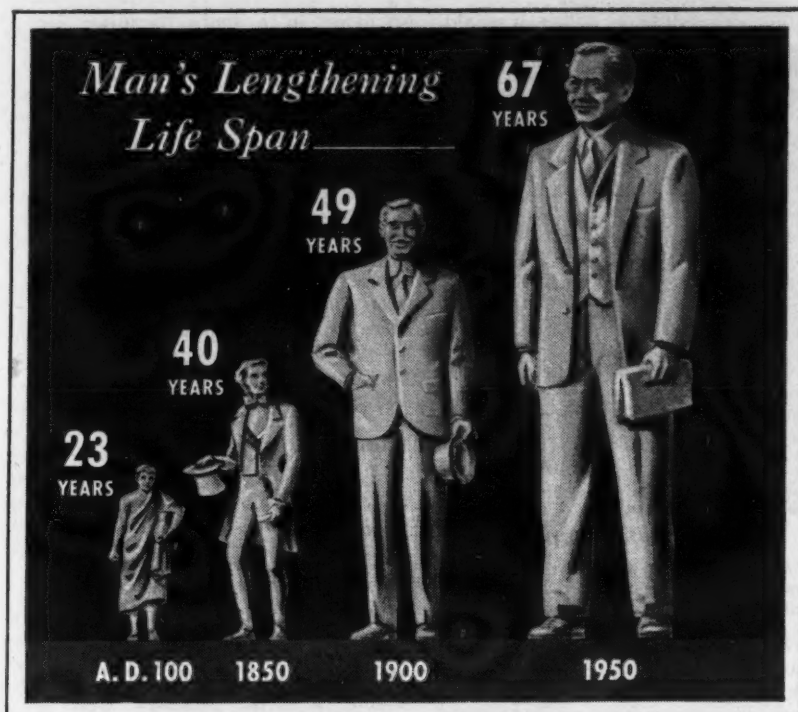
Please send the meat loaf recipes. I enclose a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope. (Requests without an enclosed envelope cannot be filled.)

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The Greatest News for the Human Race in 1900 Years!



Here's to Longer Life... May Yours Be Healthy and Happy!



Long life means little without good Health!

Proper nutrition is important to good health. As people grow older, they need more of certain food elements to keep up their strength and vitality.

Since adequate amounts of these needed food elements are often lacking in the diets of older people, there is a widespread need for an easily digested food supplement such as Ovaltine to supply the missing elements. Besides filling in this nutritional gap, Ovaltine can frequently be helpful when elderly people begin to have trouble with digestion or mastication or sleep.

FREE Booklet Gives Pointers on How to Get the Most out of Life After 60!

Learn how you can best enjoy the longer life that science gives you today. Get your copy of a fascinating new 24-page illustrated booklet filled with tips and pointers on how to get more out of life in the later years.

The booklet is a storehouse of valuable information on many subjects of interest to older folks and those who care for them. Besides a discussion of such things as the nutrition problems of elderly people and signs of dietary deficiencies, the booklet contains general health rules and other priceless information to help older adults live out their "Golden Years" in health and happiness and contentment.

Valuable Free Booklet Offers Guide to Health and Happiness

Send for your copy of this free 24-page, illustrated booklet "Longer Life... and Better Health To Enjoy It!" Use coupon at right. Do it now!

Two thousand years ago the average life span was 23 years. In the U.S. today it is 67 years... and growing!

Longer life is yours today—thanks to modern science. And life expectancy is increasing by leaps and bounds. But longer life means little unless you have good health to enjoy it.

As people grow older, proper nutrition becomes increasingly important. They need proportionately less fats and carbohydrates and larger amounts of vitamins, minerals and proteins.

Thus a supplementary food such as Ovaltine is proving of very great value, because it supplies generous amounts of the needed food elements that are so essential in the diets of older people.

Ovaltine mixed with milk makes an ideal beverage because Ovaltine is rich in vitally important food elements in which milk is low, such as Iron, Niacin, Vitamins B₁, C and D. It also supplements the Protein, Calcium, Phosphorus and Riboflavin in milk.

Also, Ovaltine provides high food value without the need for chewing solid foods in cases where mastication is difficult. Ovaltine is easily digested—even though the digestion may be slowing up a bit.

And hot Ovaltine is an ideal soothing drink at bedtime—an invitation to sound sleep, without drugs.

So try it today, for promoting restful sleep, and better health.

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"LONGER LIFE
... and Better
Health
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OVALTINE—CH-4

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Please send me a FREE copy of your illustrated booklet, "Longer Life... and Better Health To Enjoy It!"

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Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Saturday, December 1

READ LUKE 1:5-7

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free.

—CHARLES WESLEY

BEGINNING TODAY, like Luke writing to his friend Theophilus, it seems good to me to turn aside from the procedure of previous months and think with you concerning "those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us," the things having to do with Christ's coming into the world. Therefore, throughout December let us ponder the sublime story of the Nativity, considering first its many antecedent factors as given to us in Luke's Gospel, and then finally dwelling upon the immortal narrative of our Saviour's birth in Luke 2:1-20, a passage most worthy to be committed to memory.

Teach us, O Loving Father, that mighty as Thou art, Thou art concerned with our brief day, having so loved us that Thou didst send Thy Son Jesus to redeem us. Amen.

Sunday, December 2

READ LUKE 1:8-10

Born Thy people to deliver, born a child and yet a King.

—CHARLES WESLEY

HOW OFTEN during recent days we have heard the expression, and quite likely used it ourselves, "Christmas is coming and in twenty-three days will be here!" And yet, to quote Ernest H. Jeffs of the London *Christian World*, "It is really we who are coming to Christmas. A certain date in the calendar cannot 'come' to us; but we—if we live long enough—will certainly travel along the road of time until we reach, and pass, that fixed point." Did you ever stop to think how "in the fulness of time" the ancient world came to Christmas?

Reveal to us, O God, how Thou dost love us, so that in spite of our willful ways Thou art tempering and leading us to receive Thine inexhaustible riches in Christ. Amen.

Monday, December 3

READ LUKE 1:11

IN VIEW of all that is happening in the world, with emphasis on the ex-

plosive possibilities in Korea, it would seem utterly useless to imagine that this is God's world, "He is the Ruler yet." To say this, however, is to forget the first imponderable truth about God. This truth is gathered up in the repeated visions of the prophets, in their predictions regarding God's design and man's disorder, and in their ecstatic hopes of deliverance in the face of overwhelming evil and darkness. Zacharias and Elizabeth, "both righteous before God," have given us an example of "a living hope."

O Lord, we acknowledge Thy saving ways in the earth and we remember that Thou art from everlasting to everlasting. Impart to us Thy grace and strength. Amen.

Tuesday, December 4

READ LUKE 1:12, 13

O come, O come, Immanuel, and ransom captive Israel, that mourns in lonely exile here.

—ANON

WE MUST CONSTANTLY remind ourselves that in Zacharias' day the Messiah's coming was only prophecy and prediction. The ancient world dreamed of the day when deliverance would come, when the terrible yoke of bondage and serfdom and moral evil would be broken. They lived all the while in human misery and woe. They struggled against wicked powers, both the seen and the unseen. But through it all they lifted up their voice in hope and supplication. Their spokesman, Isaiah, comforted them: "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not."

Hear us also, O Lord God, for we turn to Thee in our trials and with our burdens. Grant us surcease from pain and heartbreak and teach us to trust Thee in every time of need, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Wednesday, December 5

READ LUKE 1:14-17

O come, desire of nations, bind all peoples in one heart and mind; bid envy, strife, and quarrels cease.

—ANON

ARE WE TO SAY that Zacharias, as one among many who had faith to believe in God's over-arching purpose, was no more than a dreamer, an ideal-

ist living in a fool's paradise? Or should we confess that he had hold of great and dynamic ideas concerning God and His sovereignty in history, and that these insights strengthened and upheld him in turn until at last the Day-star of hope and redemption appeared? I wonder if the faith that gripped Zacharias is not the faith we need so utterly in today's bewildered world.

O God our Shield, be Thou with those who stand and wait, and teach us all that we also serve when with fidelity and patience we obey Thy will and complain not. Amen.

Thursday, December 6

READ LUKE 1:18-20

By Thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone.

—CHARLES WESLEY

I HAVE SAID that as far as many in the ancient world were concerned, the coming of Christ was the merest prediction. As far as God was concerned, on the other hand, the coming of the Messiah was one of the most memorable of divine promises. God by sundry manners made plain His intention to save His people Israel and to set them up as a strong tower for the deliverance of the nations. How full of divine splendor, in view of all this, is this man Zacharias! Nothing was more certain in his mind than this: "God is faithful that promised."

Cause Thy light, gracious Father, to shine upon and through us, that men may see our faith in times of darkness and give glory to Thee who art Lord of all. Amen.

Friday, December 7

READ LUKE 1:21-25

Angels, from the realms of glory, ye who sang creation's story, now proclaim Messiah's birth.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY

IT WAS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN who reported the caustic verdict on one of his contemporaries, "He is like St. George on the signs, always on horseback, but never rides on." As far as God's promise to Zacharias was concerned, this humble man was an eloquent witness, thrice eloquent in his silence, to the fact that God was

at work in bringing to pass His supreme purpose of redemption. Certainly, part of the significance of Christmas lies at this point, and we who believe shall need to live on God's promises far more than we do.

Now we know, O Lord, that Thou dost save Thine anointed and such as are upright in their hearts. Enable us to see that Thou art with us even in the midst of our enemies. Amen.

Saturday, December 8

READ LUKE 1:26-33

Love came down at Christmas, Love all lovely, Love divine.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI

LUKE TURNS our attention now to the Virgin Mary. That Jesus should be born of Mary meant a break in the natural order of life as we know it. Mary herself was completely astounded, asking, "How shall this be?" Without hesitancy we may admit such a break. It would not be the first supernatural break in the long history of the universe. There were at least two others: the emergence of organic out of inorganic matter, life out of dust; and the emergence of mind out of matter, the power to aspire out of a lump of clay. Have we forgotten that "with God nothing shall be impossible"?

Unto Thee, O Christ, Thou Son of Man and Son of God, we come in adoration and fealty, with love and devotion. Accept us, we beseech Thee, and give us Thy peace. Amen.

Sunday, December 9

READ LUKE 1:34-38

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe could in the Godhead be; I only know the manger Child has brought God's life to me.

—HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

AFTER ALL, seek as we will to discount the incredible implications of Christ's unique birth, we are forced to admit, as Studdert-Kennedy correctly points out, that if Jesus were merely a man, withal a freak or a genius, then you and I can no more hope to be like Him that we can expect to become duplicate Shakespeares. But if in Jesus a new break was made by God and life shot up higher, as du Nouy affirms in "Human Destiny," then there is infinite hope, if we become partakers of that life, that we can become heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.

O Gracious Father, Thou hast gathered us out of every walk of life and hast called us into Thy presence that we might know Thy will and purpose, through Jesus Thy Son.
(Continued on next page)

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Monday, December 10

READ LUKE 1:39-45

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown, when Thou camest to earth for me. —EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT

ON JUNE 8, 1845 Andrew Jackson died toward evening. At dusk that day a coach drawn by galloping horses brought Sam Houston, the greatest of Old Hickory's captains. He stood motionless before the couch of death, then dropping to his knees he buried his face on his chieftain's breast. Drawing to him the very small boy who accompanied him, he said, "My son, try to remember that you have looked on the face of Andrew Jackson." What a thought for us, to remember that we have looked on the face of Christ and received of His fulness!

O Saviour of the world, open our eyes ceaselessly to Thy saving truth and power, and teach us to walk in the way that brings us to life eternal. Make us, like Thee, divine. Amen

Tuesday, December 11

READ LUKE 1:46-56

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: let earth receive her King!

—ISAAC WATTS

THIS PASSAGE of Scripture is the *Magnificat*, the second hymn in Luke's Nativity narrative. Some ancient manuscripts ascribe this hymn to Elizabeth rather than to Mary. In either case it bespeaks a heart filled with wonder, love and praise for an infinite and almighty God. To both these kinswomen the important things were neither the accidents of birth nor the possessions of paltry rank and money. The important things were truth, humility, and thanksgiving in the sight of God.

As we draw nigh to Thee, O Lord, we know afresh that apart from Thee we can do nothing, and except we walk in Thy paths there is no pleasure in us. Keep us ever close to Thy side and deliver us from evil. Amen.

Wednesday, December 12

READ LUKE 1:57-66

No more let sins and sorrows grow, nor thorns infest the ground. —ISAAC WATTS

NO MATTER what Zacharias and Elizabeth may have thought about their only child, later to be heralded near and far as John the Baptizer, we know that in the perspective of history he was merely the forerunner, "a voice crying in the wilderness." We suffer from the human tendency to scorn the "second fiddler," and we miss so often God's priceless blessings because we rebel at playing a second-

ary role. I wonder if John did not enter into his memorable ministry for the simple reason that his parents before him committed their ways to the Lord with unreserved humility and faith.

O Lord, come quickly into the hearts of all men everywhere and save them from error and darkness. Exalt us into righteousness and crown our days with joy and peace. Amen.

Thursday, December 13

READ LUKE 1:67-79

Hail, to the Lord's Anointed, great David's greater Son!

—JAMES MONTOMERY

IF ANYONE wonders whether Zacharias felt hurt and humiliated because his son John was destined to take second place to Jesus, let him study this passage carefully. Luke records here the *Benedictus*, the third immortal hymn of the Nativity. It is a song of joy, not merely because God has blessed his home with a son in his old age, but because God had given to Israel a Redeemer, Jesus, whose shoelatchet John was not worthy to unloose. It was D. L. Moody who once said, "God always uses the man nearest Him." Zacharias understood this and rejoiced that God had deigned to use him for His holy work.

Dear Father, bless Thou all who seek to serve Thee, pastors, missionaries, teachers, stewards, doctors, nurses, helpers, all whoever they may be who love Thee and strive to bring in Thy kingdom. Amen.

Friday, December 14

READ LUKE 1:80

Love shall be our token, love be yours and love be mine.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI

IT WAS COUNT LEO TOLSTOI who once said, "The distinctive mark of this age is its lost sense of God." The same condemnation might well have been made of much of the First Century, but not indeed of the only son of Zacharias and Elizabeth. The imprint of their godly lives was imparted indelibly to this heir of Israel's prophetic legacy. What course of study or what succession of events molded him we are unable to say. Luke simply states that John "grew, and waxed strong in spirit." This means, if anything, that God was his refuge and strength.

Dear Father, who art slow to anger and of great mercy, bestow upon us the power wherewith we shall subdue kingdoms and work righteousness and truth. Fill our hearts with Thy

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holy impulse to love one another for Thy sake. Amen.

Saturday, December 15

READ LUKE 2:1, 2

Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord!—CHARLES WESLEY

IF WE COULD TURN back the clock of time and speak face to face with the people of Palestine who were both witting and unwitting participants of the first Christmas drama, we would be startled by the hopelessness and despair with which they lived out "the things which are seen" formula from day to day. Though they were heirs of prophetic dreams and messianic hopes, the burden of which should have exalted them, they for the most part accepted their fate supinely and bowed forlornly to the brutal tyranny of pagan Caesars. Alas!

O Creator God, our Father, we lift our hearts in thankful praise to Thee for the gift of Thy Son Jesus Christ. In Him is our hope, and through His grace alone we have confidence in our strife against darkness and evil. Amen.

Sunday, December 16

READ LUKE 2:3-5

Long desired, behold Him come, finding here His humble home.

—CHARLES WESLEY

THUS, when Caesar Augustus sent forth his decree that all the world should be taxed, the Jews as well as all the others went "every one into his own city." After all, why not? What Jew wanted to pay taxes to Caesar, but then, what else could one do? So, according to Luke, "all went to be taxed," with what glum despondent resignation I don't need to describe, for have we not all likewise gone "to be taxed," every woebegone one of us, unto his own tax-gatherer? If only we could see God's hand in life's mundane business! For all that, it's there, faint heart, just as Joseph shortly learned.

Lord Jesus, be Thou a Lamp unto our feet and a Light upon our path. Cause us to see Thee amidst the confusion of these evil days as a strong and invincible tower, a refuge to the stricken and a haven to all who cry unto Thee. For Thy name's sake, we ask it. Amen.

Monday, December 17

READ LUKE 2:6, 7

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, hail the incarnate Deity! —CHARLES WESLEY

PROFESSOR Charles Townsend Copeland of Harvard was once asked

So alone, So helpless

THE hostilities in Europe are over but the war for survival still goes on for countless thousands of children caught in war's aftermath. Some have no shelter at all, many have very little clothing and even lack the necessities of life. One writer says, "It would make your heart bleed to hear these little ones plead for a warm sweater, a pair of shoes or a rag doll."



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why he lived on the top floor of Hol-
lis Hall in his small, dusty old rooms.
He answered, "I shall always live
here. It is the only place in Cam-
bridge where God alone is above me."
Then, after a pause, he added, "He's
busy, but He's quiet." It ought not to
be difficult for us to make the same
discovery for ourselves. It is, in truth,
the first great lesson of the Christ-
mastide, that God is at work, that He
faints not, neither grows weary.

*Let Thy mercy fall upon each one
of us, dear Father, through Jesus
Christ our Saviour, that we may pos-
sess faith adequate to the trials and
opportunities which are ours. Give
us receptive hearts and bless us.*

Tuesday, December 18

READ LUKE 2:8, 9

*While shepherds watched their flocks
by night, all seated on the ground, the
angel of the Lord came down.*

—NAHUM TATE

WHETHER the shepherds ever gave
God, the Shepherd and Guardian of
their souls, a serious thought insofar
as His providence in their behalf
went, we do not know. Certainly
they never expected what happened
on that never-to-be-forgotten night.
They may have dreamed dreams of
kindlier fates than they had known;
they may have felt the awesome maj-
esty of the Unseen Sovereign of the
starry hosts above them; nonetheless
they yielded themselves to the day-
by-day grind, saying helplessly, "Why
not?" And then, suddenly . . . !

*O Holy Spirit, hear Thou the cries
of them that are distressed by afflic-
tion, sorrow, or sin, and give them
power by faith in the Son of God to
rise with healing and honor. Uplift
us into joy and peace, we ask in Thy
name. Amen.*

Wednesday, December 19

READ LUKE 2:10-14

*Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!*

—CHARLES WESLEY

SUDDENLY, into the blackness of
their dark world came the blazing
light of an unheralded star; into the
gloom of their beleaguered souls
descended the seraphic shout of an
angel, unseen visitant from the un-
seen world: "Fear not, for, behold I
bring you good tidings of great joy,
which shall be to all people." In
simple but transcendent words the
angels thus contribute the fourth
hymn to the story of Christ's Nativity,
the most gladsome and superlative
hymn of the ages, the *Gloria in Ex-
celsis*. Praise God!

*Hear us, O Blessed Christ, as we
seek anew Thy joy and victory. Help
us to rise up without restraint and to
minister without stint to the bleeding
sores of erring humanity about us.
Use us, even us for Thy sake. Amen.*

Thursday, December 20

READ LUKE 2:15, 16

*O holy Child of Bethlehem! descend to
us we pray.*

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

WHAT THINGS were they that the
shepherds desired to investigate?
Well, first of all, the high things of
the soul within, by which life takes
on meaning and purpose and
achieves blessing and peace. Such
things they found revealed in the
"holy Child of Bethlehem" as: whole-
heartedness and integrity, unselfish-
ness and a forgiving spirit, unsordid
service and longsuffering love. Not
these things only, but also and
supremely God Himself, who though
high and lifted up is yet "closer to
us than breathing, nearer than hands
and feet."

*Grant, dear Lord, that we shall do
with all our might what our hands
find to do in compassion and loving-
kindness. Help us to forget ourselves
long enough today to do one redemp-
tive and vicarious act for others.
Amen.*

Friday, December 21

READ LUKE 2:17-19

*How silently, how silently the wondrous
Gift is given! So God imparts to human
hearts the blessings of His heaven.*

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

I WONDER if much of the trouble
our nation has seen has not been
that we have put our faith in the
Unseen God and His heavenly host
about whose existence we are not
sure. Has not our trouble been that
we have thought ourselves equal with
God, and therefore that we could
readily dispense with His services?
We have behaved much like the little
boy who after making some large
requests of Santa Claus added in a
postscript: "If you can't handle this
deal, let me know and I'll get in touch
with Henry Kaiser." O ye of little
faith!

*Awaken within each of us, Gra-
cious Saviour, the dedicated impulse
to do unto others as Thou hast done
to us and as we would have others do
unto us. Take us, weak and sinful
though we be, and redeem us. Amen.*

Saturday, December 22

READ LUKE 2:20

THE FIRST fundamental message of
Christmas is that God is nigh to us

in whatsoever state of need we are, and that we should unceasingly praise Him from whom all blessings flow. The second truth to be learned is related to the first, that as God works so we must work. The heavenly host concluded their seraphic song, "On earth peace, good will toward men." If this means anything, it means that we individually have a great deal to do with the fulfillment of God's redemptive purpose. The shepherds returned "dedicated" men, and so must we as we return to life's perennial tasks.

Loving Father, save and deliver all Thy servants who languish in affliction or suffer loneliness or heartbreak at this season of Christ's Nativity. Grant that we may be guided to someone to bring Thy salvation nigh. Amen.

Sunday, December 23

READ LUKE 2:21

This, this is Christ the King, whom shepherds guard and angels sing.

—WILLIAM C. DIX

DID YOU SUCCEED in memorizing Luke's narrative of the Nativity, 2:1-20? From the literary standpoint there is a sublimity and chasteness about its language that stamp it as one of the greatest passages of all literature. From the practical standpoint it is preeminent among historical narratives because it records the greatest fact in the story of aspiring man, namely that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That no one should be in doubt about God's purpose the Child "was called JESUS," which means "Saviour."

O Father, who by the birth of Thine only Son Jesus Christ hast given us a great light to scatter our darkness, grant that in faith and purpose we may walk in His light and receive through Thy grace His saving strength. Amen.

Monday, December 24

READ LUKE 2:22-35

He is still the undefiled, but no more a Stranger.

—JOSEPH S. COOK

OFTEN FORGOTTEN in relation to the birth of Jesus is an old man by the name of Simeon. Simeon had made the preposterous claim that the Holy Spirit had assured him that he would not die until he had seen the Lord's Messiah. You can well understand how this aged servant of the Lord felt in view of this divine promise, if you have ever waited hopefully for something good to happen; or if



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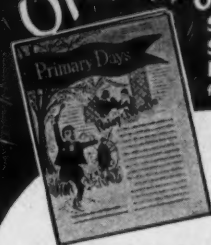
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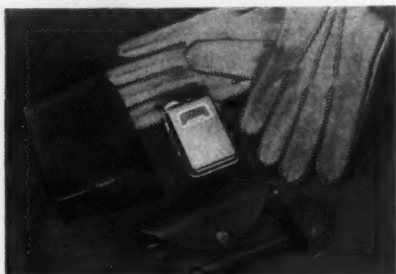
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you ever had a child tugging at your knee and asking wistfully, "Daddy, when will Christmas be here, anyway? When?"

Glory be to God in the highest, for unto us Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, has come and to our weary hearts Thou hast brought redemption and release. Amen.

Christmas, December 25

READ LUKE 9:6, 7

O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Immanuel!

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

NEARLY A CENTURY and a half ago the world was trembling before the prospect of destruction at the hands of Napoleon. Men waited with feverish impatience for the latest news of those fateful wars. "And all the while in their homes," declared F. W. Boreham in "Mountains in the Mist," "babies were being born." Such babes as William E. Gladstone, Oliver W. Holmes, Abraham Lincoln, Frederic Chopin, Samuel Morley, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "When a wrong wants righting, or a work wants doing, or a truth wants preaching, or a continent wants opening, God sends a baby into the world to do it. That is why, long ago, a Babe was born at Bethlehem."

O Lord Jesus, come into our stricken world, into our streets and byways, and be Thou the Friend and Helper of the outcast and down-trodden, the Bread and Staff of the hungry and cold, the Shepherd and Guardian of us all. Amen.

Wednesday, December 26

READ LUKE 2:36-38

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature, O Thou of God and man the Son.

—CRUSADERS' HYMN

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS stood at some time or other before a cradle and looked down into the innocent eyes of a baby, and what hopes throbbed within your breast! When that mother exclaimed last year on hearing that her boy had become a murderer, "I never expected my boy to turn out like this," she was making articulate for many parents the bitter realization that our hopes are often brutally shattered. Think in contrast of the unspeakable joy which flooded the heart of Anna when, looking upon Jesus, she gave thanks unto the Lord.

Bestow upon us, dear Father, that most excellent gift through Christ of charity and compassion toward all men, that the likeness of Thy Son may be revealed in us, to Thy glory in the Church throughout all time. Amen.

Thursday, December 27

READ LUKE 2:39

Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor, Thee, my soul's Glory, Joy, and Crown.

—CRUSADERS' HYMN

WE FREQUENTLY have considered the events and the people involved which led up to that first Christmas. What about the road back, back to life's humdrum tasks, back to the common round where the heavenly visions are apt to grow dim? The shepherds, we read, "returned, glorifying and praising God." The Wise Men, "being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod . . . departed into their own country another way." And Joseph and Mary likewise, having fulfilled God's will and purpose, "returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth." And as they returned, think of the ecstasies and glories constituting the first deposit of the riches of Christ.

Cleanse us, Holy Father, from the sins of the spirit and help us to rise above the frailties of the flesh, so that we too may grow rich toward Thee through Jesus and for His sake. Amen.

Friday, December 28

READ LUKE 2:40

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands, robed in the blooming garb of spring: Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

—CRUSADERS' HYMN

IS IT POSSIBLE that our shameful evasion of responsibility and opportunity within the framework of God's kingdom on earth explains why nineteen centuries have elapsed and so much waits to be achieved in the realm of spiritual riches? I have a feeling that many of us are as bewildered as the schoolboy whose teacher asked him why he did not spell better. He said, "'Cause I hain't just got the hang of the school-house, but I'll get on better later." There is nothing wrong intrinsically with this viewpoint except that we can "get on better" now, if we are willing to grow in wisdom and grace as the Boy Jesus did.

Blessed Lord and Saviour, gird up our troubled spirits that we faint not. Keep us in Thy love lest we stumble into sin or dally with temptation. Give us courage in Thy Name. Amen.

Saturday, December 29

READ LUKE 2:41, 42

HAVE YOU ever considered the part Joseph and Mary played in the religious growth of the Boy Jesus? No-

tice with what earnest care they watched over His development during the impressionable years. When they went up to Jerusalem, it was not for holiday purposes, but for the observance of holy days. "Every year" they went up to keep the feast of the passover. Not only were they faithful in their holy pilgrimages, but they regularly attended the local synagogue on the Sabbath day. It was true then as now: Churchgoing families are blest of God.

We bow, O Lord, in contrition and penitence because we have too often neglected Thine inspirations and forsaken Thine altar. Speak Thou peace to our souls and save us. Amen.

Sunday, December 30

READ LUKE 2:43-50

IT WAS CHRIST'S supreme glory that He lived in utter harmony with His Father. Later on, He spoke to His disciples in similar vein: "I do always those things that please Him." Living in dutiful obedience to God's will is not a privilege reserved for the Son of God. It is our opportunity and joy as well. To live in loving submission to God's over-arching purpose is to subscribe to the conviction engraved on the Brashers Home in Pittsburgh: "Somewhere under the stars there is a work waiting for you that no one else in the world can do but you."

Eternal God, our Father, we come in deep humility before Thee on this last Sunday of the old year. We come in the name of Jesus to make our wills one with Thine. Amen.

Monday, December 31

READ LUKE 2:51, 52

DOES IT SEEM to you, as you look back on the year 1951, that your life has been barren, that the prospect of the future hangs heavy and without the promise of recompense in joy or achievement? Then let me ask you to meditate day and night upon these cryptic words describing all we know of the life of Jesus during the "hidden years" before He entered upon His ministry. Like Christ, you too must strive to "increase in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." God grant that the New Year may bring you infinite blessing!

Deeper than we have known, enter Thou, Maker of our souls; clearer than we have ever seen, cause to dawn Thy glory on our sight. As Thou wast with Moses, so be Thou evermore to us, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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MAGGIE HAS HER METHODS

(Continued from page 19)

debt to society there is no reason why they should go into moral or spiritual bankruptcy. Whenever Maggie has an occasion to introduce an inmate to someone from the outside she displays the full graciousness of a social introduction and uses the prisoner's full name.

"We drive home the point that they are not pariahs," says Maggie. "I want them to preserve not only their faith but their identity as individuals."

During my visit Maggie took me into the lovely visitors' lounge and introduced me to a woman she'd just called in from a mop detail to play a couple of numbers for us at the concert grand. Never before had I heard Chopin's *Polonaise* played with such feeling. I sat entranced, a lump in my throat. I heard Maggie muttering, "I'll win her over if it's the last thing I do . . . I've got to win her. . . ."

The woman finished and we thanked her appreciatively. She smiled and said to Maggie: "Thank you. You know how much I enjoy this." And she left abruptly.

"There," Maggie murmured, "goes the daughter of a college president. She hasn't quite caught on to Marysville yet. Hasn't learned humility and self-respect. But she will . . . she will."

A new inmate's first meeting with Maggie is never planned, never formal, and rarely occurs until six or seven weeks have passed—during which time the woman has spent some time on menial labor, which Maggie considers "the great leveler."

The new girl may be on her knees scrubbing a floor when suddenly a huge, white-haired, pleasant-faced woman looms over her (Maggie stands six feet tall and weighs nearly 300 pounds). The woman merely says: "Why don't you get some knee pads from the housekeeper and make yourself more comfortable?" Then Maggie goes on, the girl looking after her in wonder—and with a dawning appreciation of what others have told her about this woman.

Or it might be that a girl glances up to see a big woman looking at her critically. "Young lady," Maggie will say, "I don't think that uniform fits as well as it should. You tell the supply matron that Mrs. Reilley thinks you need a smaller size."

"We don't go in much for job training for the future," Maggie points out. "We prefer to train the person, and if we do our job well she'll actually be better off in the end."

How well her system works is seen in the fact that Marysville has an

amazingly low rate of second-timers—less than two percent, which Ohio penal authorities claim is the lowest of any state penitentiary in the nation.

It wasn't always like this at Marysville. In the '20's and '30's the penitentiary was a dope-ridden hell-hole, and when an inmate was released she was ready to become a worse moral and social problem than when she entered.

In 1935 Martin L. Davey, who was then Governor of Ohio, decided something had to be done. Marguerite Reilley, then in law practice in Cleveland, was recommended to him. He phoned her to ask if she'd like to become superintendent of Marysville Reformatory.

Maggie gave him an immediate "No thanks!" But the Governor phoned her every day for a month until she finally accepted the job.

THE first thing she did was clean up the dope problem, by discontinuing the medical department's supply of narcotics, which inmates had been stealing and using. From then on morphine was ordered from a local drugstore by dosage, when needed. Heroin that used to slip in to inmates from the outside was cut off by grim vigilance.

Even after a year on the job Marguerite wasn't sure she was going to like it and stick with it. Then one midnight a matron phoned her that Mildred—a girl convicted of robbery who had been admitted to the prison pregnant—had gone into labor and was having a bad time. Maggie dressed and went over to the hospital just as they were wheeling the girl into the delivery room. Mildred grasped Maggie's hand fiercely. "Don't leave me," she whispered. "Please come in with me." Maggie did.

"Something happened to me in there," Maggie says quietly. "I not only couldn't leave her but I knew then that I couldn't leave any of these women. They needed me just as much as Mildred did, and in more ways. From that night on I was at Marysville forever."

Maggie was better equipped for the Marysville job than she realized. As a young woman, she had done settlement work under Jane Addams at Chicago's Hull House. Then the mayor of Cleveland asked her to set up a city playground system. She did that and also taught school for incorrigible boys. She went to night law school, and served for a time as as-

(Continued on page 66)

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DECEMBER 1951

I BECAME A BOWERY BUM



By FRANK JENNINGS

Minister, Stamford Hill Congregational Church, London, England

MR. BOLTON stared at me for a moment across the desk. His eyes swept over my clericals, badge of the British minister's calling—the white collar, the black broadcloth.

Then he said: "Are you quite sure you want to learn about the Bowery—this way?"

I assured him I was never more serious in my life. "Ray!" he called. "Ray, some old clothes. Make him look as if he belongs here."

Ray Allen looked at me. "You're going through with it?" When I nodded, he shrugged. "You wait here, then. Your own congregation won't know you!"

I hoped not—not that I expected to run into anyone from my Stamford Hill Congregational Church of London, not on the Bowery. When my summer exchange pastorate hadn't worked out, I decided to come to America nevertheless. Even in England I had heard of the Bowery. I wanted to see it—live it. My interest wasn't idle curiosity. Men are the same the world over. If I could learn what went on in the mind and heart of a man on the Bowery, I would know all men better—and know God better, too. That's why I had

come to New York's Bowery Mission.

Ray Allen was back with an armful of shabby garments. "No, sir, your own mother won't know you," he said.

I wondered if their mothers would recognize any of the men I had passed on my way into the Mission.

I withdrew to a washroom and surveyed myself in the mirror. "Goodbye, Reverend Frank Jennings," I said to the immaculate figure in the glass.

Quickly I exchanged my coat and collar for a torn undershirt and a ragged army blouse. I slipped into stained trousers. A clammy feeling came over me as I touched them; some man had discarded these clothes when he went on to something better. I was taking his place, putting on his despair. I tried to shake off the feeling.

George Bolton looked me over and smiled his satisfaction. "You're on your own," he said, shaking hands. "We don't know you."

And I stepped out into the loneliest, most forsaken street in all the world.

It was gray, like death. Uneven cobblestones had worn into ruts that bounced and jostled passing cars. The towering structure of the Third Avenue Elevated cast stark shadows.

Noises were muted, hollow, lost—pierced only by the rumble and shriek of the elevated that wiped out all other sound.

Everywhere there were men. Sprawling in doorways, keeled over in drunken stupor. Squatting on the curb. Leaning in twos and threes against the buildings. Staggering along the sidewalk.

And I was one of them!

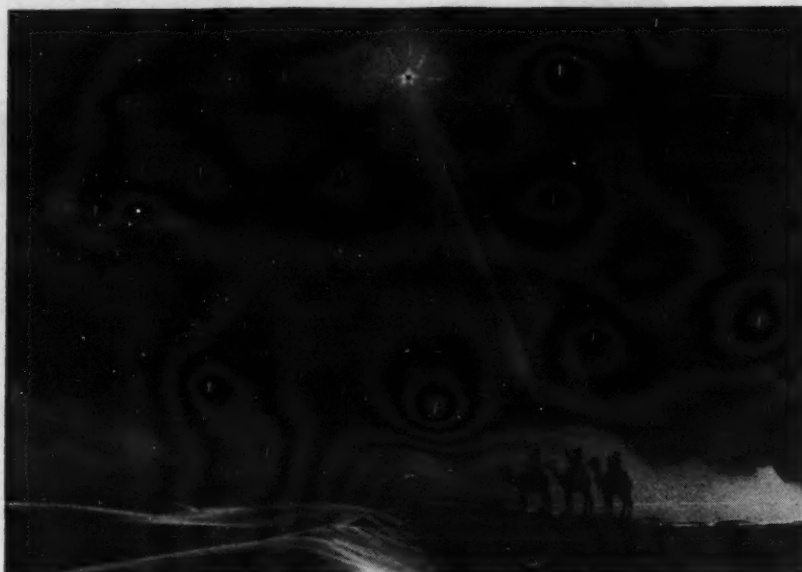
I drifted away from the Mission. How could I kill an hour? Make it two. Make it a dozen. How could I kill all the hours left in life? Two drunks had their arms over each other's shoulders and their heads close together. In thick-lipped speech they mumbled incoherently, each totally absorbed in what the other said. A man sat against a doorway, jabbering to himself, gesticulating with his hands and arms. His eyes were shadows, deep and vacant.

Men slowly lurched along the street. One stopped. With great deliberation he spat. Then he lurched on.

"Hey, pal, you got a match?" I came to with a jolt. That's *me*, he's talking to! No high and mighty preacher now, not me. Clothes unmake the man. I

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II CORINTHIANS 9:15



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was one more recruit accepted into the Fraternity of the Damned.

I shook my head. No match. No money. No home. The Bowery was beginning to get me. I was only a bystander, an onlooker, I told myself. I didn't belong there. But did they?

A sight-seeing bus moved in low gear up the street. "We are now entering the Bowery," I could hear the loud speaker droning. "Saddest, maddest street in New York. Drunks, drifters, and bums call it home. . . ." A young woman looked and giggled. A puffy, round-faced man gawked. Then I realized they were staring at me!

The bus moved on. Uneasy and upset, I wandered once again. It was growing dark. A man stood swaying in a doorway as I passed. "You!" He reached out and grabbed my collar. "It's you I'm lookin' for!" I winced and tried to draw away, but he pulled me back against the wall. "You got a jug?" he demanded with sour whiskey breath. His hand tightened the collar around my throat. "A bottle, where's your bottle?"

Suddenly he was shoved away. An unshaven sandy-haired young man stepped in between. "Can't you see that he is empty, Charlie? Don't annoy the gentleman." He spoke in clipped, precise words.

"Charlie" glared threateningly but moved off.

"Well," I stammered. "That was good of you, you know."

The young man turned to me, his thin lips in a smile. "You're English, aren't you? University man too, I judge."

"Right," I told him. "And you're a college man yourself."

"Bully place, England," he said, disregarding my guess. "I was stationed there before we left for France." Casually he added, "You're broke too, I guess. I'm flat. By the way—name's Alec."

"Mine's Frank," I told him, and without thinking I reached into my pocket to help him out. I had forgotten it was empty.

"Well, Frank," Alec was saying, "where do we go from here?"

"There's a Mission down the block," I said. "They'll give us food and a bed."

"Preaching too," Alec sniffed. "But—'beggars must be no choosers.'"

"Shakespeare?" I wondered.

"Beaumont and Fletcher—'The Scornful Lady,' Act 5," he said with a wry grin.

What manner of man was this Alec, I marveled.

As we entered the chapel, I saw a gleam in Ray Allen's eye. Alec and

I found a place in one of the pews, and the organ began to play for the noonday service. The weariness and sadness I had so quickly felt began to ebb away. There was a spirit in that hall.

I looked at Alec, who was fidgeting now. "Son, remember," the preacher was saying. I wondered what Alec was remembering.

Downstairs, after the service, we had doughnuts and coffee. Alec wolfed his food. "Let's get out of here," he said, as if he were running away. "I've got to have a drink."

I lost him in the crowd, but out on the street a half hour later, he came up to me. He no longer wore his shirt. "A present for us," Alec declared, half apologetically. "Come on, come with me."

We sauntered down the street and he pulled a bottle from his hip pocket. "Sneaky Pete," he explained. "Better than Smoke—that's denatured alcohol." His hand shook with anticipation as he unstopped the bottle. He stood there on the sidewalk and took a long gurgling drink. Then he wiped his hand across his mouth. "Have a drink," he offered. "It's on the house."

He laughed when I declined. "On the wagon! Maybe you'll beat the gutter yet." He took another pull. "It cost me my shirt. Might as well enjoy it." The alcohol quieted him, "Cost me a lot more than my shirt," he said bitterly.

Alec looked up. "That preacher—'Son, remember,' he said. The one thing I don't want to do is remember! Memories can kill a man." He suddenly lifted the bottle again, then slouched down in a doorway, drinking with a terrible earnestness until the bottle was empty. "Sorry, Frank," he said with an effort. He put his head on his arms. Quietly he rolled over, asleep.

A man came scurrying down the pavement, glanced at us, then hurried closer. "Pie wagon's comin'." He hustled on down the sidewalk, warning others on the way. I looked and could see the patrol wagon coming silently down the street. It stopped before a doorway. A policeman got out, dragged a drunk from a hallway, dumped him in the wagon and locked the gate. It kept coming down the street. Quickly I put Alec's arm over my shoulder and pulled him to his feet. Half-dragging, half-carrying him, I got him to an alley. I pulled Alec's sleeping body far back, built a barricade of boxes to conceal us from marauders of the street, and there I kept watch—and finally slept.

My body was stiff in every joint when I woke, and there was a horrible taste in my mouth. Alec was

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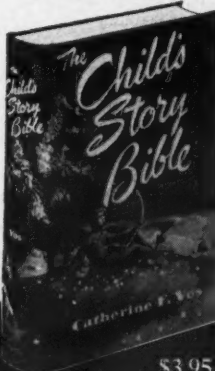
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still asleep, but it was daylight and he'd be all right now. Without breakfast, I started out to find a job.

Alec was sitting on a curb looking haggard and drained when I returned. "I tried too," he sympathized, "but no one wants a bum. You can always go around robbing garbage cans. I have," he added soberly. He held up his grimy hands and looked at them. "Trained to finger the keys of pipe organs—pushing into garbage cans!" He was silent a moment. "Pearls—and swine," he said. "Something about that in the Bible. Would you believe me if I told you I used to go to Sunday school, Frank? That I had a wife—and a little blue-eyed daughter?"

"I'd believe anything about you, Alec," I said. "Anything about what you've done—and what you're going to do."

"What I'm going to do right now is rustle up the price of two breakfasts," he said, sliding out of his earlier mood. "Hunt empties—penny apiece for whiskey bottles. And you're going to help."

THE days dragged by. I panned around on 14th Street, down on Wall Street and around City Hall. "Mister, I'm hungry," I begged—and most of the time I wasn't kidding. People passed me by or gave me a disdainful stare or sometimes a dime.

In the evenings, Alec and I went to the Mission. "You've tried the rest, now try the best," Mr. Bolton said one night.

"Yes, I've tried the rest," Alec told me in a heavy whisper. "The rest, 100 per cent." And the next evening during a hymn, he suddenly put his head down. "Blue eyes that could look right into your heart," he muttered.

After the service and the food, Alec would go out and drink, and then I would take him to a flophouse and to bed.

But panhandling was never meant to be my strong point! I finally applied at the Bowery Mission Employment Bureau for a job. "How about scrubbing—housework?" Tom Roland asked, as if he had never seen me. "Scrubbing it is," I replied.

There was a job in Jersey for a few days, and I accepted it even though I would have to be away. The fact was, I needed the money! I missed seeing Alec. "Help him find his way back to that little blue-eyed girl," I often prayed.

When my Jersey job was over, I looked for him around the street, without success. Then even though the evening services had already begun, I went over to the Mission. The doorman winked and let me in. I quietly took my seat in a back pew.

George Bolton was calling for testimonies. One man after another stood up and related how he had been saved through Christ. Then a man in a neatly-pressed blue suit arose. He didn't stand in his place the way the others had done, but stepped out into the aisle and turned to face the men. It was Alec!

"For days now, I haven't had a drink," he said in that well-bred voice of his. "So help me God, I will never have a drink again! I used to scoff when I first came to the Mission. I didn't believe what was said. But now I've found it's true. Through Jesus Christ I've found new life." He spoke with assurance. "I've got a job. Mr. Bolton has wired my wife, and I'm going back. I'll see my daughter again." His voice quavered. "God is merciful. He has given me the courage and strength for a new beginning." Simply, undramatically he put his head down. "Thank you, God!"

Tears were running down my cheeks as Alec finished, and when the service was over I went up to him.

"I'm leaving for Hartford in the morning, Frank," he said. "You'll see me off?" I nodded. "Now will you do me a favor?" he asked. He handed me a Gospel of John. "Look through it before you go to bed." I took the small red book. He was sleeping upstairs—one of the men on their way back—and I slowly walked down the aisle and to the basement where I would have a cot.

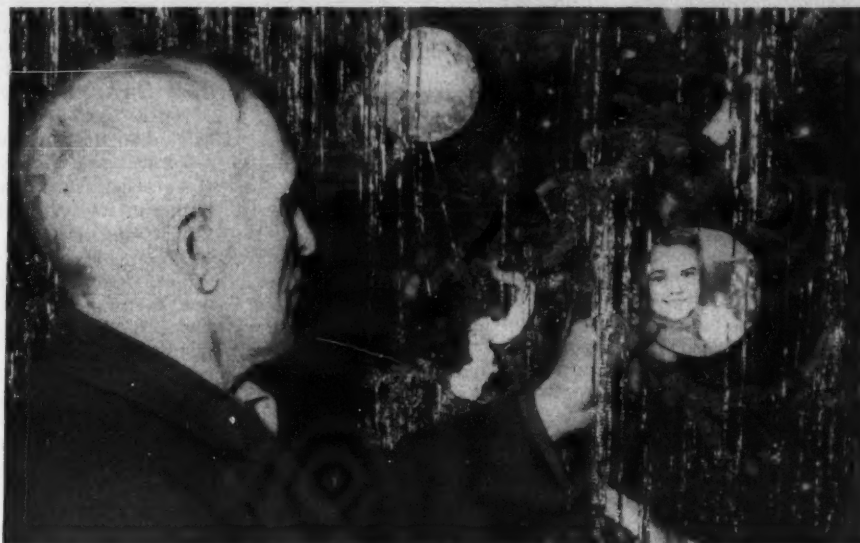
I touched the little red book as I lay in bed. "Thank you, God," I prayed Alec's prayer. But there were so many other men. I had seen them. I had lived among them, heard them talk. Brutal, degraded though they seemed, each man had a story. Somewhere there were wives and children. Somewhere, buried hopes. Somewhere, souls made in the God's image. Yes, now I knew what men were like—and what God was like! I knew unforgettably.

"God," I prayed again, "help people to see how important the Bowery Mission is."

THE MORNING air was crisp as we stood outside the Mission. "It was strange, how it all happened," Alec was saying. "I was listening to Mr. Bolton and—well, a whole new world opened up. God was there. For the first time in years I felt fresh and clean." He shifted his feet. It was that awkward moment when final partings must take place. He reached out and took my hand in his. "Frank, why don't you let God make of you what you can be?" he urged.

I gripped his hand firmly. "I'm going to try, Alec. I'm going to try!"
THE END

When CHRISTMAS Comes to the Bowery



CHISTMAS on the Bowery! Day of remembered dreams. Day when a homeless man thinks of his family, his buried ambitions, his defeated hopes.

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No matter how distant from home, tragic Bowery down-and-outers are closer home at Christmas. There are tears in men's eyes when the old carols ring out in Bowery Mission. The men sing—and look up at the tall Christmas tree—and they remember other gay trees, other Christmas mornings. . . .

. . . A mother watching her small son's wonderment, listening to his squeals of excitement—a mother who has lovingly sacrificed for her child's future. A man can think of that—a disheveled, broken man—as he sits in Bowery Mission on Christmas Day.

. . . The laughter of a young couple hanging garlands of happiness on their first tree. The warm love of a bright-eyed tot flinging her arms around her father and crying, "I want to be like you, Daddy!" . . . Unlovely and unloved, "Daddy" sits in the Bowery Mission on Christmas Day in the morning—and thinks of that—and weeps.

Yes, Christmas at the Mission is a heart-stirring day.

After the Gospel service, where God's greatest gift of all is freely offered, there is a turkey dinner with all the trimmings, as it used to be served at home. There's a personal Christmas present, wrapped in colorful paper, tied with a ribbon—warm gloves, a shirt, heavy socks for protection against winter's cold, a suit of underwear. They are your gifts, your expression of friendly faith on the most opportune day of the year.

Without you there can be no Bowery tree, no nourishing dinners, no thoughtful gifts, no stirred memories. Without you there will be no melted hearts—only emptiness, loneliness, bitterness—on the day of the year when love might have counted most.

Will you give person-to-person, heart-to-heart encouragement to someone on the Bowery this Christmas? You can do it by making a place for him on your shopping list, sending a useful gift-wrapped remembrance. You can do it by helping to make possible the Christmas dinners, sharing much or little, but *sharing*. Clean beds, a clinic for the sick, an employment service, the Gospel testimony every day of every week—all these are a part of the Bowery Mission's continuing ministry in your name and in the name of the Christ of Christmas.

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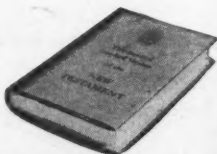
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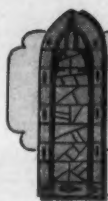
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By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, December 2

DISOBEDIENT PEOPLE

NUMBERS 14: 1-11; JOHN 1:9

AT LAST Israel was at the very gateway to the promised land. The people were encamped at Kadesh-Barnea. Moses wisely ordered twelve spies to go across Jordan and find out all they could as to water supply, climate, fertility of land, number and character of inhabitants and the strength of the fortified cities. We can well imagine the joy of the people. They had done much complaining against Moses. They had tired of manna and been given quail. Miriam and Aaron had plotted against Moses in an attempt to capitalize on the people's discontent. Each time there were complaints Moses interceded with God for them and after punishment they were forgiven. Now as they watched the spies leave all was excitement and expectation.

How their hearts fell as they heard the report of ten of the spies! It was a wonderful land "flowing with milk and honey." Good pasturage was there for cattle and the rocky caverns were filled with sweetness the bees had extracted from the rich foliage. But the people were strong and warlike. Their cities were protected by great walls. Even the great bunches of grapes and other sample fruits were forgotten in the fears aroused. Caleb and Joshua denied nothing of the dangers ahead but they trusted the God who had brought them so far toward Canaan. The majority won and the people were ready to revolt against Moses and stone Caleb.

God's anger was aroused. The people had declared that it would have been better to die as slaves in Egypt or to leave their bones rotting in the desert than to die at the hands of the warriors of Canaan. God proposed to Moses that He dispose of the whole race and begin again with the children of Moses. Moses again became the advocate of his people and God made the decree that the people would wander in the wilderness until only Caleb and Joshua were left. He made His presence known by the fire that blazed up over the Tabernacle.

Then they took the matter in their own hands and attempted an assault on hostile tribes assembled on high

ground to the north of Kadesh. The result was a miserable defeat. So they spent a year wandering for every day of the forty spent by the spies in their visit to Canaan.

When God makes promises it takes faith to depend on Him to carry them out. In spite of the evidence God had given Israel of His protection, the people doubted. If God is to be counted out the people were right in refusing to enter Canaan. Statistics were all against them. If we are to realize our dreams of a peaceful, prosperous world it is essential to believe that "one with God is a majority." If we read history with inspired vision we will see that God has always done His will through a faithful minority. It is not wrong to study our resources to meet the threat of world Communism but the only assurance of victory is in our faith that God is on the side of justice and mercy. After we have marshalled all our strength we must humbly dedicate it to God. He alone is our security.

Questions:

In the face of the tremendous forces of Communism, why should we not be afraid? Looking back over world history what evidences do you see of God's support of a minority in victory over wicked majorities? What courage should we find in the Gospel? What would you say to young people who feel that they might as well eat, drink and be merry, since tomorrow they will probably die?

• Sunday, December 9

MOSES' CHARGE

DEUTERONOMY 30:15; 31:3; 33:27-29

"DUPLICATE Law" would be a good translation of the word "Deuteronomy." It is made up of three great addresses by Moses as he realized that his people would have to go on to the promised land without him. Someone has analyzed the book in this way: chapters 1-4, Looking Back; chapters 5-26, Looking Up; chapters 27-33, Looking Out. Our lesson is in the last section. While this analysis is helpful we must remember that Moses always combined the three, always looked back to see how God had led His people, always looked up to God for immediate direction and always looked out upon the glorious future God had covenanted. His example is still good today.

Hebrews 11 has been called "The

Westminster Abbey of the Bible." Certainly Moses finds rightful recognition there. The inspired writer makes this significant comment on Moses: "... Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season" (Hebrews 11:25). His people were always first in his heart. He was like a mother with a prodigal son. In spite of their stubborn waywardness, their ingratitude and complaining and their constant disobedience, Moses loved them and gave himself for them. He accepted seriously God's call to mother this people. Even when God seemed ready to give them up Moses pleaded for another chance for them. It is out of such a background that we can understand his farewell address.

Moses' love for Israel was not mushy and sentimental. He was not spoiling parent spilling unfounded optimism all over the place. He never told them that everything would come out all right no matter how they lived. He knew God too well for that. He knew God's infinite mercy, but he also knew God's uncompromising justice. If Israel was to possess Canaan and live in prosperity and peace something was required. Israel must understand that obedience to God was part of the covenant.

THE HOPE of Israel was to remember daily that they were this far on their way to Canaan because God had protected them. It was not the genius of Moses as a leader, nor any might of arms on the part of Israel that had saved them. It was God's active intervention, His continual protective presence that had preserved them. If they were to win their promised land it would be by God's strength, not theirs. There is no place for pride in the heart of a child of God.

Moses was ready to turn over leadership to his trusted assistant, Joshua. Great leaders always provide for a succession. They know that there are time limits to their own leadership. They forget self in the interests of those they love. They provide for them after they can no longer serve them. So Moses bravely climbed his lonely way to Nebo's heights. There he could look across Jordan to the land he could not possess. His end is not tragic. He was satisfied. The God he had served so faithfully laid him to rest with His own loving hands. His life work was done, his goal accomplished. In all that Israel would mean to the world, he would live on.

Questions:

Note some of the references to Moses and to his last addresses in the New Testament: Matthew: 4:4,7,10; 8:4;

Luke 9:30; 20:37; John 3:14; 5:46; 6:32; Acts 3:22; 7:20-44; Romans 9:14-16; 1 Corinthians 10:1-5; II Corinthians 3:7-18; Hebrews 3:1-19. What light do each of these passages throw on the place of Moses in God's plan of salvation?

• Sunday, December 16

A NEW LAND AND GOD

JOSHUA 1:1-7; 6:1-5, 20

"YOU can't take a fortified city with blasts of trumpets and shouts of the multitude. Meet force with force. What a laugh the fighting men of Jericho will get as they line their high walls and look down on our silly parade! Have we come all the way from Egypt to fool our opportunity away?" Certainly Joshua must have heard complaints like that as he organized Israel for the conquest of Jericho and the promised land.

The people might have followed them if they had not seen the power of God in the crossing of Jordan. It was flood time, when the Jordan is a mighty river. God stopped the waters for them and they crossed on the dry river bottom. It is not very important to know just how the waters were stopped. The important thing to remember is that when God commands, He opens a way for obedience.

Joshua was a true successor of Moses. He had been his intimate friend and constant helper. He had shared some of the experiences of Moses as God had revealed Himself to him. He had led Israel in victorious battle with the Amalekites. He had been introduced to the people by Moses as his successor. He had been one of the two spies, forty years before, brave enough to bring back a favorable report and to urge immediate entry into Canaan. Confidence in the leadership of Joshua must have been great or Israel would never have attempted the crossing of Jordan and an attack on Jericho. God uses consecrated leadership to rally His people to great tasks.

It is difficult to account for the falling walls of Jericho by any natural explanation. I have heard sensible Bible students speak of the steady tramp of the multitude in step as finally shaking the walls of the city much as bridges have fallen by the rhythm of marching feet. The shouts of the people and the blast of horns have also figured in the picture. Glass has been broken by the vibrations from a violin string. To me no such theories explain. The purpose of God was to make sure that Israel would know that they were not winning their promised land by their own wisdom and might. God's people were to be completely God-dependent. They were to trust Him implicitly. They had their part to play, they

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must fight their best, but they must also be humbly obedient.

This is the lesson for our age and for our nation. We are told that the security of our western democracies is built on power and more power. I would not detract from such a policy so long as we recognize its limitations. We must make the nation just and merciful. A godly nation has learned the lesson of moral and spiritual strength. Vice and corruption within a nation are more dangerous than atomic bombs in the hands of our enemies. National and international policies approved by God are our ultimate security. If we can really believe that, we will one day possess our promised land.

Questions:

In Halley's "Bible Handbook" attention is called to Joshua's use of books (Joshua 8:32, 34,35; 10:13; 18:9; 24:26; Numbers 21:14). What are some of the reasons for the use of writing in God's plan for Israel? What would be the dangers in depending on oral tradition? Christianity is charged with being "the religion of a Book." What is the answer? What is the place of writing and publishing in the church of today?

• Sunday December 23

THE PROMISE FULFILLED

LUKE 1:46-55; 2:1-7; ISAIAH 9:6,7

HOW little Abraham and his race realized the part they were playing in the plan of God! When we read history and come to the great men who have turned the course of man's progress into new channels it is difficult to understand how unconscious they were of the meaning of their lives. They met bravely the demands of their life situations. They did the immediate thing that needed doing, even though, like Abraham and Moses and the rest, they could not possibly see the pattern of God's purpose. They dreamed of promised lands but the perspective of thousands of years is necessary to know something of the realization of their dreams. Certainly none of them saw the birth of a baby in Bethlehem as the supreme purpose of their lives.

We need to share their unquestioning faith. Each of us is within the gracious purpose of God. There is no life without meaning. Soldiers dying in Korea, missionaries telling the story of Bethlehem in strange far off places, mothers sacrificing themselves for their children, men everywhere faithful to the day's demands, and all obedient to God's daily leading—these play their part, great or small, in God's plan of salvation. We cannot know how important our daily task may be. Some day we will understand and be glad that we did not fail our God.

Prophets like Isaiah startle us with their predictions of the coming of Christ. Yet we doubt whether they understood the full meaning of their predictions. Many times they were speaking of men and events of their own times while we read by the light of the Gospel. Their prophecies of a coming Redeemer gave courage to men of their day and offered proof to the apostles of the truth that the covenant to Abraham was fulfilled in Christ. Indeed the whole history of Israel finds its end in Him.

The Hebrews were made a special people under God's special care for one major purpose. They were to keep alive the worship of the one true God so that a people would be preserved worthy to introduce the Son of God to the world. The tragedy of Israel is that "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." It is good to remember that the first disciples were Jews and that not all of their race rejected Jesus. It was always so in the history of Israel. There were a faithful few who were true inheritors of the promises made to Abraham.

Our privilege is also a grave responsibility. As we celebrate this Christmas joyfully, we must remember that we are a chosen people. We have heard the story of Bethlehem from earliest years. We are inheritors of the Gospel. What a blessing it is to know God in Christ! We must not let pride rule. We too are blessed to bless. The truest meaning of Christmas will be given those who most desire to share Christ with the world.

Questions:

Are our Christmas celebrations too self-centered? If so, how can we make our home and church celebrations more true to the meaning of Christmas? If not, how ought we to change our home observance? Grace means gift (Ephesians 2:8). Does an exchange of gifts express the full purpose of Christmas?

• Sunday, December 30

A STAND FOR GOD

JOSHUA 24:1-8, 14-18

SHECHEM, about thirty miles north of Jerusalem, lies in a pleasant valley between two low mountains, Ebal and Gerizim. It held significant memories for Israel. Here Abraham set up his first altar in the promised land. Nearby Jacob's sons fed their flocks and sold their brother into Egyptian slavery. Many years later Joseph's body was buried there. It was a fitting place for Joshua's purpose. Calling the people together there, he gave them his farewell message. The greater part of the land was conquered. For over twenty years he had led them. His part in

God's plan was finished. Would the people go on to complete the work they had been chosen to do? That would depend on their faithfulness to God.

For the past three months we have been reviewing the early history of Israel. Why? As Christians we need to know the roots from which our faith has flowered. There is also another very important purpose. We need to know how to read history. It is the record of God's providence. Not blind forces, but the guiding hand of God is revealed in history. The long view will show that blessings have come when men were truest to God. It will also show that tragedy has come when men have turned to worship other gods. Israel learned idolatry in Egypt and from neighboring races. It was a constant threat to their peace and prosperity.

Joshua told the story of God's covenant and of His leading them from Egypt to the promised land. The lessons were so clear that the people with one voice rededicated themselves to God. Joshua knew them better than they knew themselves. So he challenged them again and again. He threw into the balance his own dedication. He and his family had made their choice and would keep it. Whatever reservations the people had in their hearts, they made a great profession that day.

New Year's Day is a good time to assemble at Shechem. There should be time to look back on our lives and see how God has led us. There will be both warning and encouragement in our memories. This is true of our personal histories and of our national history. Too often we have compromised with the world. Like Solomon we have a great altar to the one true God and at the same time many altars to the gods of this world. "He that is not for me is against me." There is no compromise in Christian faith. "Christ is all in all, or not at all." As we study our records for 1951, has it been a year of steadfast trust and obedience to Christ? Or have there been many diversions from the temple to little private shrines where we have set up our idols? Among all the good resolutions we may make let us place this one in the very center: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Questions:

"No, I don't make any New Year Resolutions," said a friend, "for I never can keep them." What is your answer to that? What are the values of resolutions? Did God expect them from His people? Compile a list of good New Year Resolutions for your class. File them with the secretary and review them on the last Sunday in 1952. Happy New Year!



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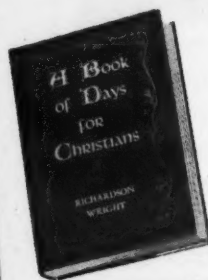
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THE New Books

by **DANIEL A. POLING**

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Vols. 3 and 4, by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribners, Vol. 3, 630 pp., Vol. 4, 736 pp.; \$15).

Three years ago the first two volumes of Mr. Freeman's ambitious work on George Washington made their appearance — and caused a literary sensation. Four more are yet to come. In these two the eminent biographer portrays 19 years of his subject's life — as "Planter and Patriot" and "Leader of the Revolution." No biography in modern times, if we can judge by the first half of this vast work, reflects more painstaking scholarship or such quantities of fascinating material. Future historians will go to these books as miners in search of gold already carefully panned and refined.

MAN OF THE FAMILY, by Ralph Moody (W. W. Norton, 272 pp., \$3).

A heart-warming story of a young boy's ingenious attempts to help support his family after his father has passed away. Related with the same compassion and humor that marked Ralph Moody's earlier best-seller, "Little Britches," this novel again captures the tang of the Western mountain region as it existed just after the turn of the century. The adventures it depicts are of the kind that make up the heritage that is so typically American and gives us the right to hold our heads a bit higher and our families a bit closer as we move on to face the challenges of the coming day.

THE READER'S BIBLE (Oxford University Press, 1985 pp., \$6.50).

A handsome and distinguished volume presenting in the format of a modern book the complete text of the King James Version with Apocrypha. Besides the original preface, there are short introductions on the text of the Bible and on the separate groups of books. The attractive margin-to-margin type and the omission of verse numbers, pronunciation guides and reference makes this edition especially appropriate for home reading, for libraries, and for all who love the English Bible and good book production.

VOYAGE TO WINDWARD, by J. C. Furnas (Sloane, 566 pp., \$5).

Of this life of Robert Louis Stevenson, written with meticulous attention to detail, the jacket declares, "Here is all there is to know about Stevenson." That

claim is well substantiated by what is inside the covers. Even a casual acquaintance with the thin, sensitive writer who was defeated at the last only after a valiant struggle with disease, indicates that he was a personality of many facets. From his pen came not only the whimsical and lighthearted "Child's Garden of Verses," but also the exciting "Treasure Island" and brutal Mr. Hyde. His life reveals flights of beauty and descents into sordidness. It is a long book—too long perhaps, too detailed. Some may think it looks too closely at the bark of a single tree and too little at the sweep of the forest. One has the feeling that the author does not so much portray Stevenson as he dissects him. It will not be a "popular" volume, but will prove to be immensely rewarding to those who wish to know "all there is to know" about a man who, through his works, is one of literature's immortals.

THE REWARD OF FAITH, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann, 186 pp., \$2.75).

Eight stories, all related to the Christmas season and intended primarily for young people. Though designed to show the effect of faith in crucial moments of our lives, the stories are little more than whimsical narrations related with a legend-like simplicity, though all are done in Miss Goudge's beautiful and compelling literary style. Four of the stories take place in biblical times; the rest have Catholic settings. Illustrated.

HOW TO RETIRE AND LIKE IT, by Raymond P. Kaighn (Association Press, 149 pp., \$2.50).

Whether you and I are enthralled by the idea or not, Mr. Kaighn has an enormous market for his book. Retirement is almost as sure as taxes. Every year the life expectancy of Americans goes up. For all our Social Security and pension plans, few of us are not shocked that first morning when the alarm clock doesn't ring. Some are shocked into unhappiness. Mr. Kaighn was for fifteen years the head of a retirement board that helped more than 7000 people prepare for that ultimate morning. He himself is retired—and likes it! When you should retire, how'll you feel when you do, how you can prepare now, how you can keep feeling fit, what you can do with your time—the answers are all here, not off the cuff, but out of life experiences.

TO MOTHER WITH LOVE, edited by Frederick Ungar (Stephen Daye, 379 pp., \$3.75).

I counted twenty stories in this book, and every one pays tribute to somebody's mother, and every one of them is noteworthy. There's Mary Wilkins Freeman's hilarious "The Revolt of Mother," and Edna Ferber's heart-touching "Old Lady Mandle." William Dean Howells is here, and Sholem Asch and Switzerland's Gottfried Keller. Eight reproductions of master paintings (Whistler's Mother is not one of them) give added charm and a quiet dignity to the

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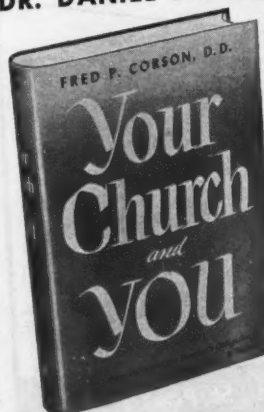
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volume. There are stories to bring smiles and tears and remembered dreams to every son's mother and every mother's son who reads.

WORKING WONDERS WITH WORDS, by Wilfred Womersley (Dutton, 285 pp., \$3.50).

Democratic Protestantism offers ample opportunity for the making of speeches. Admittedly, few enough of those speeches "work wonders." This Practical Guide to Effective Speaking, as the subtitle has it, starts with the lungs and larynx and winds up the gamut with instructions for organizing a speakers' club. For those who wish seriously to improve their speech, the book does all that any book can do—perhaps a bit more—and the rest is up to the aspiring orator. Every church officer should use it.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST, with wood engravings by Bruno Bramanti (Pellegrini & Cudahy, 132 pp., \$10).

Its price may put this beautiful book beyond the reach of many buyers, but for those who love exquisitely crafted wood engravings the cost will be no deterrent. Bramanti has been long at work on the 65 illustrations which glorify this book, having spent years in Palestine to get authenticity of detail and mood—and the delicate majesty of the woodcuts reflects his meticulous and reverent labor. The text is from the King James version.

THE MORNING WATCH, by Patience Strong (E. P. Dutton, 192 pp., \$2.50).

A brief thought for each day of the year accompanied by an appropriate quotation from the Bible. There is clear and simple wisdom in the writing of Patience Strong, and whether her reverent homilies are in the form of poetry, prose or free verse, she usually sheds new and comforting light on subjects cherished by the reader.

WAKE UP OR BLOW UP, by Frank C. Laubach (Revell, 160 pp., \$2).

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Definitely the most unusual book of hymns and spiritual songs I have ever reviewed. The indexes are complete, even exhaustive. They constitute a guide into all areas of religious experience and open a sure way to those who would find selections for every service of the church, every age level of the congregation and every theme and mood of worship. There is a generous selection of well-known hymns, also a number of those which are classics but generally unfamiliar. An index that I find especially helpful and timely is of "More Familiar Hymns."

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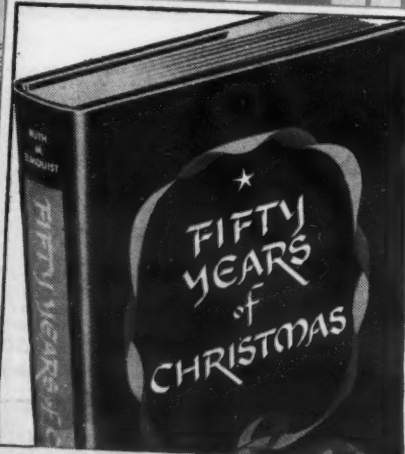
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THE KNEELING MAN

(Continued from page 26)

The innkeeper shrugged. "At a time like this you should have left her safe at home."

The large man who led the donkey became angry. "I'm to be taxed with her," he said. "You know the law! *Mary, my espoused wife, being great with child.* Surely there's a place in this inn of yours where she can rest?"

"All of the rooms are occupied," yawned the innkeeper.

"There must be a woman in the inn," said the husband of the very young woman who drooped in the saddle, "who has been in a like position, who will have enough humanity and gentleness to give up her room so that my wife may lie on a bed when her baby is born."

The innkeeper told the man, "I've been paid in advance for every room! I can't embarrass my guests by asking them to move."

The large man spoke. "My name is Joseph," he said. "I've come all the way from Nazareth. My wife is," his voice shook, "less demanding than most women. Everyone loves her, she's a *blessed* person. . . . You can't deny her refuge at—"

FOR the first time the very young woman spoke and her voice, though weary, had the chime of bells in it.

"When we came through the courtyard," said the very young woman, "we passed a stable, and the stable door was open and it looked warm inside, and there was hay sweet with the scent of last year's clover. If there be no room at the inn, my husband, may I not rest in the stable?"

"There are animals in the stable," objected the innkeeper. "Cows, and horses, and sheep, and—"

The young woman said, "I'm fond of animals and they're fond of me. When my baby is born they, who have given birth themselves, will comprehend. Sometimes animals in their strange dumb way are kinder than people. Oh, Joseph," her voice trembled, "I'm so weary and the donkey's weary, too. If I could lie down on a bed of that fragrant hay and if my patient little steed could be unsaddled and unbridled, if he also could rest among those of his own kind, it would be a good thing."

The innkeeper made a gesture with

his hands as if he were washing them.

"It's an unheard of situation," he said, but the large man put his arms around his wife and drew her close. "It's an emergency," he told the innkeeper. "Since there is no room in the inn, and since my wife herself has suggested it, we will lodge in the stable."

And so the little procession made its way back past the place where Zariah knelt in the darkness, and Zariah on his knees stifled the impulse to put out a hand in the usual fashion and ask for alms. He was being positively brilliant, he told himself in self-apology, the little money he might get now would be multiplied a hundred-fold if he waited until the baby were born. A grateful father whose wife had passed through her crisis wouldn't count the cost of good fortune, and it's good fortune when a twisted man withholds a curse and gives a blessing instead.

IT WAS quite dark now. Somebody brought a lantern and the kneeling man crept close to the stable door, and peering inside he saw the husband lift his very young wife from the saddle and lay her gently upon a bed of straw. He saw the donkey bend his head as if in reverence while the bridle was slipped over it. And as guests passed through the courtyard—townspeople who didn't intend to lodge at the inn, who were only coming for food and for drink—Zariah, for some reason, didn't press forward to ask for money. And the many little bags that held gold were like whips that beat against his ribs and his eyes stayed fixed on the stable and what was happening within it. And he thought, trying desperately to sneer, "This thing has happened so many times. *It happened even to me.* Even I, twisted though I am, was born of a woman." And yet he knew, instinctively, that this birth was different from any other birth that the world had ever known. And Zariah huddled down, so that instead of kneeling he was crouching, and now he was more like an animal than ever, an animal bent to spring upon his prey.

SOMETIMES radiance bursts upon us, sometimes it grows slowly until it engulfs us. It was so with the radiance that filled the courtyard; it grew from the tiniest spark to a whiteness and a glory that was unbelievable and unimaginable. Zariah thought at first that many men had lighted torches, and yet the light of torches has the heat of fire, and this light was as cool as spring water, and it was more silver than gold, and though it had warmth, certainly, it was a warmth

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that is not of fire but of prayer.

"What," thought Zariah involuntarily, "is prayer?"

Sometimes music is felt rather than heard. And the music that all at once filled the courtyard was music that Zariah knew existed before he actually heard it. People were coming out of the inn to point up at the sky and he followed their pointing fingers and saw that a great star hung in the heavens, such a star as a man who was earthbound could never imagine. And he half turned to go toward the crowd. This was a rare opportunity, with everyone gazing heavenward he could pass like a kneeling wraith from purse to purse, and extract gold from each one of them—all money pouches and money belts were heavy with the taxes to be paid to Caesar Augustus. But somehow, he couldn't leave that doorway. . . . For all at once money was *only* money and inside the stable there was something that money could never buy. Zariah kept reminding himself almost doggedly that the father within the stable would be very glad and very generous in a few moments. He told himself, and knew he was lying, that it would be easier to accept money gratefully given than to steal it! Zariah, the thief of thieves, the beggar who had grown rich through his curses and blasphemies!

AND the starlight grew and the music grew until it was impossible to tell where the music started and where the starlight stopped for they were one and the same thing blending together. And a voice cried from somewhere among the crowd that had poured out of the inn, "It must be angels singing."

But Zariah had never heard of an angel. And then, suddenly the shaken voice of the man called Joseph spoke.

"Unto us a child is born," the man said. "Unto us a son is given." And Zariah's own voice was also shaken as he said to himself, "He'll be more willing to give largely, because it's a son."

And so Zariah moved away from the multitude in the inn courtyard and from the starlight which painted a path to the stable door, and even from the music. And on his knees he shuffled through the door of the stable, but the sound he made wasn't like the dry sand of the desert or the withered leaves of autumn; it was a soft, whispering sound. And as he, the kneeling man, went past the rows of animals he felt—and knew that he was a fool for feeling it—that they, also, were kneeling!

She wasn't lying on the straw, this very young woman called Mary. Even though she had so recently gone through the pangs of birth, she was

sitting upright—the way a queen sits upon a throne. Perhaps it was the light of the star sifting through the stable door that gave the straw such a luminous quality, that made it seem as if she sat upon a throne which was made of a rare metal. As the kneeling man drew close, the scent of the hay which held its memories of a summer gone by came out to meet him. And as he paused for rest he saw that the very young woman was wrapping her baby in swaddling clothes and he heard her voice gently speaking.

"IN just a moment, Joseph," said her voice, "we will lay him in the manger, for he has no other cradle, and many will come to worship him. In just a little while we will lay him where he may sleep, but for now I will hold him close. If I could only hold him close forever!" Mary's voice had a note that was aching with dread. "And shield him from all pain and all suffering and all horror. But I can't do it." As Zariah gazed he saw the sparkle of tears on her white cheeks. "I can't," sobbed this very young woman, "because I'm *only* his mother and he belongs to the centuries."

The man Joseph said, "There, there, Mary. Don't talk any more, you haven't the strength for it."

But the young woman said, "I have the strength for anything this night, Joseph. I'm holding my baby in my arms—all mine for a little while." Her voice grew stronger. "I won't cry," she said. "There'll be enough of tears later. This is a moment for happiness."

And then all at once her eyes fell on Zariah and she smiled at him and it was the same smile she'd given him as she came through the courtyard on the back of the patient donkey, and her tall husband, following the direction of the smile, saw Zariah and asked harshly, "What do you want?"

It was the moment Zariah had been waiting for. It was the moment to put forth his hand and ask for money. This was the time to say, "Give me gold and I'll put no curse on this child! Give me *much* gold and I'll turn away the hatred that's in my heart—for a little space." But the words stuck in his throat and it was the woman, not he, who spoke.

"Why, Joseph," she said, "he's kneeling before my baby! This man is *kneeling*. He's the first who has come to worship! What is your name?" she asked. "You who are the first who has come to kneel before my son."

Zariah heard his own voice whispering, "My name is Zariah, gracious lady." And for the first time in his ugly, twisted life, he didn't want to ask for anything. Suddenly he wanted

to give. And words that he'd never spoken, that he'd never even been aware of, tumbled from his mouth.

"May he know good things, Ma'am," Zariah told the woman hoarsely. "May the world be kind to him, may many love him as you love him. May his path lead through pleasant places, Ma'am. May the heavens that have sent the star which shines this night bless your son, Ma'am."

The man Joseph moved closer to his wife and placed his arm around her. "Thank you," he said simply, but the very young woman leaned forward and placed her hand on Zariah's ragged shoulder.

"It was kind of you to come," she said simply. "You who are the first to worship my son. Your life must have been paved with kindness for you have come upon your knees to give my baby his first good wishes."

There was a sudden clatter in the courtyard. Joseph moved swiftly to the door of the stable.

"Shepherds," he said, "a throng of them coming down from the hills. Rough men hurrying in this direction."

"They will not be rough with me and my son," said Mary. "For they, like this good Zariah, have come to worship." Her eyes smiled into Zariah's humble eyes. "The stable will soon be crowded," she said, "but always remember that you were the first. Rise, Zariah, and go your way with a mother's blessing on you."

AND Zariah, with his eyes intent on the eyes of that very young woman, stumbled to his feet. The knees that had always been locked so that his lower legs stood at right angles from his upper legs unfolded as if by long habit, and he backed out of the stable and across the courtyard and suddenly he turned and was running down the road. And as he reached the outskirts of the town he realized that the little money bags which were fastened among his garments were banging against him.

And he thought, with tears streaming down his face, "I should have given them to the baby and to her, all of them."

And then he thought, "There are other babies and other mothers who will need them. May Jehovah be praised that my life is perhaps only half over, for I can spend the rest of it atoning for the wrongs that I've done and the curses I've spoken."

And he looked down at his feet that were running strongly and he felt no surprise at all—for they were running in the right direction. Not away from a baby, and a mother, and the stable which housed them—but toward . . . a new life!

THE END



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MAGGIE HAS HER METHODS

(Continued from page 48)

sistant county prosecutor in Cleveland.

Sometimes Marguerite Reilley's determination to show that she is on the inmates' side manifests itself in poignant ways. She was aware that Flora, one of her lifers, had had a son about 20 years before and had turned him over to foster parents and hadn't seen him since. One day Maggie got a tip that the son was in the penitentiary at Columbus for robbery and wasn't making a good record. Maggie told her lifer to take off her uniform and get into a print dress. Then she drove her to Columbus and asked to see the young man.

"Ben," said Maggie, "my name's Marguerite Reilley. This lady works for me over in Marysville. Ben, she is your mother."

"They looked at each other with a terrible strangeness," Maggie told me. "Then I said, 'Ben, kiss your mother.' It was a fateful moment. Slowly, he drew Flora to him and kissed her tenderly on the cheek."

"What happened to Ben after that?" I asked.

Maggie smiled. "Oh, he straightened out real quick. Got paroled, went into the Army and made a wonderful record in the South Pacific."

When the parole board convenes at Marysville once a month, Maggie sits in with it. She will take the stump for any inmate she thinks is ready for a new try at life, and she has bulldozed many a businessman into employing one of her girls. Not one of these parolees has let her down—many have done remarkably well. One is now a dental technician who earns \$500 a month. Another, a former forger, was taken on as a bookkeeper by a big construction company and is today one of the company's highest-paid executives.

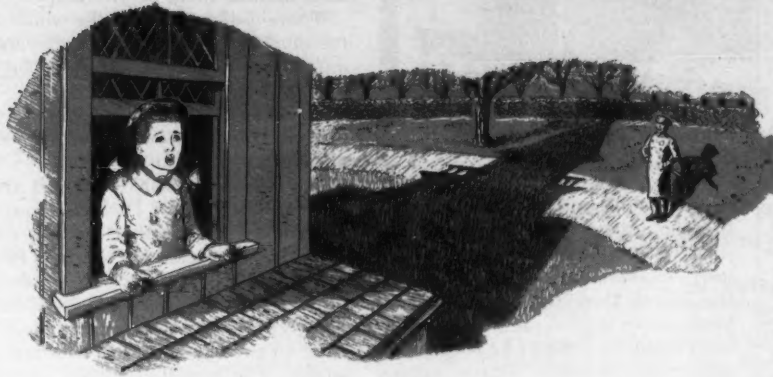
Much as she enjoys her work, it isn't always easy for Maggie. One day when I was in her office she was handed a telegram. She glanced at it, looked at me with stricken eyes and handed it to me. It was addressed to one of the inmates, in care of the superintendent. It read: "THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY DESIRES THAT I TENDER HIS DEEPEST SYMPATHY TO YOU IN THE LOSS OF YOUR SON. . . . KILLED IN ACTION IN KOREA. . . ."

"Excuse me," Maggie said, taking the telegram from my hand. "A poor mother and I are going to cry bitterly together."

As she left the office I thought to myself that even in her grief some poor mother was lucky it is Maggie who would be with her. **THE END**

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
**BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS**



THE ANGEL GABRIELLE

"GABRIELLE," the choir director snapped. "Let me hear your voice! Sing!"

Gabrielle opened her mouth but nothing came out.

"Sorry. Next!"

Hurt by her failure, the little girl ran from the church down the dark hill toward town. She didn't stop until she came to a quaint green building whose snowy roof sparkled in the moonlight. Gabrielle's hands tightened.

"I wanted to sing here at the chapel on Christmas Eve," she mourned. "Now I can't. If I could only have another chance. I'll say a little prayer to Le Bon Dieu. Perhaps a miracle will happen."

Gabrielle gazed at the beautiful chapel. "Le Bon Dieu must have told

the artist how to paint the windows blue and rose and gold until they looked like real stained glass," she thought.

She walked past the low red fence to get a better view of the Christmas tree. "How wonderful it will look tomorrow in the snow," she thought. Exciting things would happen during the week before Christmas, and on Christmas Eve the white-robed choir would sing.

Gabrielle gave a little sob, then, slipping to her knees, she prayed, her small dark head bent over her clasped hands.

Immediately she felt better. She could sing now. She *would* sing for Le Bon Dieu.

With chin up, Gabrielle opened the chapel door and, running to the ladder,

climbed to the top. Then opening the window, she leaned out and began to sing, "O Come All Ye Faithful."

The magic of the moonlight was in the voice that rose strong and true as a lark. Surely Le Bon Dieu was listening.

Someone else was listening too, Gabrielle's friend, Mr. Jim, the policeman.

"Hello," he called to her. "You'd better come down, Gabrielle. It's too late for a little girl to be out."

Obediently Gabrielle climbed down the ladder and slipped her small hand into Mr. Jim's.

"Where did you learn to sing like that, Gabrielle?" the policeman asked huskily.

"Maman! She was a singer—but—" Then the whole story came tumbling out.

"I see." Then before Gabrielle knew it she was being whisked back to choir practice. A few words from Mr. Jim and Gabrielle was given her second chance.

"Gabrielle," the director said gently when the child had finished singing. "You shall be our Christmas Angel."

The little girl never forgot the next few minutes, the trying on of a beautiful angel costume with its lovely wings, the small white sandals for her feet, and a wreath of Christmas roses for her hair.

Neither did she ever forget to thank Le Bon Dieu who had made the miracle happen.

—FLORENCE EAKMAN

What Do YOU Think?

A Prayer For Strength

When temptations come my way,
Give me, Lord, the strength to say,
"No," to every evil force
Which would turn me from my course.

Guide my feet, direct my hands,
Turn my ear to Thy commands;
Teach my lips Thy truth to speak,
Help me other souls to seek.

—Janice Davis, age 17
Elk Park, North Carolina

Anything for Jesus

Anything for Jesus, my Saviour and Lord,
Anything to help spread His wondrous word.
Anything to please Him, my Saviour and King,
Anything to help others to Him bring.
Anything for Jesus, my life I would give,

Anything for others to eternally live.
Anything for Jesus, my Saviour whom I adore,

Anything to help lives to restore.

—Lorraine Nelson, age 13
Remer, Minn.

The Best Home of All

Everybody's own home, big or small
Here or there or anywhere,
Is the best home of all.
When there's work and laughter
When there's love and light,
When the rooms are full of cheer
And the fire's bright.

Everybody's own home is best you see,
If it's happy—that's the way God plans
for home to be.

—Nancy Byrd Turner

This poem was sent to us by Jeanne Crawford, age 8, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa. This is Jeanne's idea of home and she wants other children to share it with her.



Thank You, Heavenly Father,
For the home I love so well,
For my father and my mother
And for more than I can tell.
For the food and clothes I wear,
For the dear friends everywhere.
For Your love and for Your care,
I thank You, Heavenly Father.

—Paul Killough, age 7

A Grace

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee
for Thy loving care. We ask Thee to
bless this food to our use and may we
ever serve Thee, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—Ruthie Lienard, age 9
Portland, Oregon



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MR. CHRISTMAS CAROL



(Continued from page 23)

Christian, reflecting the joy of his Lord.

When he came to Wooster the "Carol" came with him. One day in Boston, browsing through a book shop, he had found an old copy of the story, containing various cuttings of the "Carol" that Dickens himself had made when he was on tour in America. Gradually Delbert Lean began to memorize this entire version, getting one part at a time and, as he advanced, going back constantly over the parts he already knew. Blessed with a retentive memory, he never let go of the "Carol" once he had it. A little brushing up each year readies him for a new season. Actually, he could give it on demand to any high-woman at any time in the year.

His grandmother was his first audience. She was sitting in a hammock, right after dinner, on a hot summer day. She promptly fell asleep and remained asleep through the whole performance.

Later other audiences came and stayed awake. There was even a time when Dr. Lean was giving the story as much as three times a day. "I have given the 'Carol,'" he once wrote, "in all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions. I have given it in soldiers' barracks, churches, high schools, grade schools, reform schools, insane asylums, and colleges. . . . Sometimes I have given it well, sometimes fairly well, and sometimes very badly. I do not think that I ever gave it twice the same way." And, as time passed, he sensed increasingly the power of a story "whose marvellous witchery lies in the fact that it holds the attention and catches the imagination of that old man of eighty and the small boy of six by his side."

For Dr. Lean and for Wooster the high point of each year is his reading of the "Carol" in the college chapel on the night before Christmas vacation begins. This year will be the forty-second year and he will fly back home from California where he is guest professor at San Francisco Theological Seminary. He has missed only two years since he came to Wooster—once when he was on leave in California and, again, when he was taking a sabbatical in Europe.

We shall have again, on December

20, the same crowded chapel, the expectant hush, the droll, good-natured entry of a big man who looks around him as if in no hurry whatever to begin. It is always so. He has been doing this thing a long time now. He finds familiar faces before him.

There is silence. Then the wonderful moment when the deep, rich voice announces: "Marley is dead, to begin with."

The rest comes, more or less in the order we have been expecting. We all have our favorite moments; it is a varied feast, not unlike the full and roaring dinners that Dickens himself described. Old Scrooge calling out "Humbug!" or scanning Marley's face in the knocker of the door. Fessiwig cutting in the dance so deftly "that he appeared to wink with his legs." Mrs. Fessiwig, "one vast substantial smile." The family of Bob Cratchit, "steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows." And the wistful obligato of Tiny Tim, "who did *not* die" and who blessed us every one.

FOR me there is one part above all others. I wait for it every year. And I think Dr. Lean waits a little for it, too. It is the part where Scrooge, waking from his vision, runs to the window, throws it open, and calls down far below to the boy in Sunday clothes. "What's today?" "Today! Why, Christmas Day." Then Scrooge, in joyous relief: "H-a-l-l-o-o, my fine fellow!" and the boy's tiny, far-off answer, rising like the sign of Scrooge's own redemption: "H-a-l-l-o-o!"

This is the moment when Scrooge is received again into the human race, the moment when he finds once more his fellow men. It is the moment when some of us find them, too. I remember how we all used to look around the chapel at that time, just to make sure that everybody else got the point and liked the whole thing as much as we did. And we sat there very much pleased with ourselves and Christmas and mankind in general, glad of our hearts and glad of one another. And happy that in the College of Wooster there was a man and an artist like Delbert Lean.

If ever a man was born to read this tale of humor and understanding and loving-kindness, surely Delbert Lean is that man. The qualities of the story are his qualities. Out of some depth of nature and of faith he has been through the years, like the blessings of Tiny Tim, a Christmas benediction for us all. We can be forgiven, I think, if sometimes we are hardly sure whether it was Charles Dickens or Delbert Lean who created the "Christmas Carol."

For a good many seasons Dr. Lean

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DECEMBER 1951

played Santa Claus to the children of the faculty and of his friends in town. Christmas Eve always saw him in red suit and flowing whiskers, knocking at doors and windows, taking "orders" for the morning, instructing wide-eyed children what food to leave out for a midnight lunch, and how to behave for the next twelve months. As they grew old and wise their heads told them one thing and their hearts another, so that their dreams had a period of grace and for many years they were not quite sure. Then came the night when they finally realized that the voice of Santa was simply the voice of the man who had told them in the chapel a few nights before about Tiny Tim. There was no disillusionment. What is best and kindest in the spirit of man blended together and made one voice, which was exactly as it should have been.

One night we tried to tell Delbert Lean a little of how we felt about him. In June, 1946, he was to retire after thirty-eight years of service to Wooster. His last reading of the "Carol" as an active member of the faculty was given on the night of December 17, 1945. As he finished, the crowd refused to leave. The mayor of the city gave him an inscribed watch from "the citizens of Wooster." And as he, his wife, and all of us went out into the winter night, every window of large Kauke Hall was lighted with a candle. The quadrangle was covered with snow, the campus lights were off, and in a clear sky the full December moon was shining down. Students were singing carols, and, finally, the alma mater—"out in the world will we be true." We were glad they could know a man like Delbert Lean.

He thought it was a fine evening. He supposed that few nights like that come into the life of any man. It never seemed to occur to him that one has to earn them.

As we went home that evening, our hearts were full of him. We thanked God for him and for the wife he had beside him, for his story is hers also. We thanked God, too, that the great days of our Christian faith—Christmas and Easter—are days of joy that bridge earth and heaven, days of shining symbols children and all men and women can comprehend. The fortunes of Christianity, it was said, were made by its gladness, not its sorrow; "not its assigning the spiritual world to Christ, and the material world to the devil, but in drawing from the spiritual world a source of joy so abundant that it ran over upon the material world and transfigured it." Delbert Lean has helped us understand this.

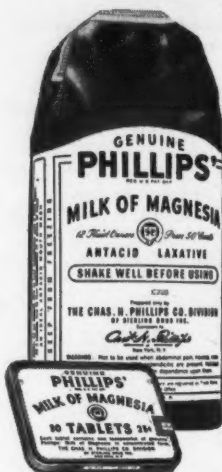
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Smith: "My wife has one but it doesn't help any."

Jones: "Why not?"

Smith: "I found her yesterday trying to open an egg with it."

Under Cover

Clerk: "Now that you've seen all the blankets in the store, which one do you wish?"

Lady: "Oh, I was only looking for a friend. I didn't expect to buy."

Clerk: "Well, ma'am, if you think she's in that remaining blanket up there, I'll take it down for you."

—The Baptist Student

Impossible!

Usher (to cool, dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

The Lady: "Indeed not! I'm the bride's mother."

That Fixes That

Woman (getting on a city bus and handing the driver a ten-dollar bill): "I'm sorry I don't have a dime."

Driver: "That's all right. You're going to have ninety-nine of them in a minute."

—Upward

Golden Silence

Don: "What have you got there?"

John: "It's a letter from my girl."

Don: "A letter! But there's no writing on the paper."

John: "Of course not! We're not speaking to each other."

Punctual

Schoolteacher: "This makes the fifth time I have punished you this week. What have you to say?"

Youth: "I am glad it's Friday."

Oh!

"I had rather a bad fall last night; remained unconscious for nearly eight hours."

"Good gracious! And walking around as usual today?"

"Yes, it didn't injure me in the least; fact is, I rather enjoyed it."

"Wonderful! How did you fall?"

"Asleep."

—The Penn Weekly

Knowledge

Someone has figured out that the peak years of mental activity must be between the ages of four and eighteen.

At four we know all the questions. At eighteen we know all the answers.

Thoughtful

"You told me about some of your worst prisoners," said the reporter interviewing the veteran prison warden. "Now tell me about some of the more genteel fellows. Who, for instance, was the most polite criminal you ever had here?"

"I think," replied the warden, "that it was Genteel Joe."

"He was really polite, eh?"

"Yes," replied the warden. "When he escaped he left a note for me reading: 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I am taking!'"



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MAKE THE BIBLE YOUR OWN

(Continued from page 6)

who looks out his window on the mountain every day, read your Psalm every morning. Beauty in any form never palls on anyone.

There is beauty too in the prose of the Old Testament. It is full of fascinating people. You can scarcely escape them in Genesis, or in Samuel or Kings. The Book of Ruth contains the loveliest love story ever penned. Shakespeare with his 550 biblical quotations and allusions, and Tennyson with his 330, were not the only ones who could see beauty in the Bible. Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Hoffmann and Holman Hunt, because they could transfer what they saw to canvas, are not the only ones who found beauty in the Bible. You can, too. There are some passages in the Bible that I can never read without hearing them sung in my soul because Handel or Mendelssohn heard music in their words.

Here, then, is the first gate through which to go to make the Bible your own. It stands wide open, there at the hilltop before you. Open the Great Book. Stay with it. Read and reread its lofty lyrics, its tender pastorals, its pungent proverbs, and it will by its sheer beauty begin to become your own.

The second gate through which you may go is *Curiosity*. Curiosity, like beauty, is a natural lure to the human spirit. It is the touchstone of all progress. It is the magic key to the unlocking of secrets. Sir Isaac Newton with his apple, James Watt with his teakettle, and ten thousand other inventors and discoverers prying around in the mists and the mysteries of the unknown—they are enamored of curiosity.

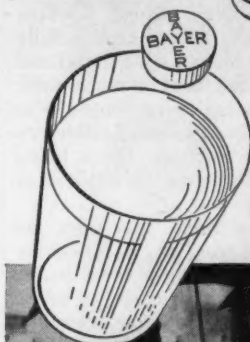
You have read somewhere about the supremacy of the Bible over all other books—how it has outlived all others, has leaped the barriers of language, contributed to the life of the world the best known in arts and letters, in law and custom, in manners and morals. Have you ever been curious about how all this came to be?

I used to have a neighbor who had a cote of carrier pigeons. I asked him how he came by his hobby. He said it began when he was a mere lad with a completely amateurish curiosity to know how these birds could find their home with an instinct so incredibly accurate. This man is now an authority on homing pigeons.

In much the same way, one can make a knowledge of the Scriptures his own. He can ask himself, "How does it come about that this ancient Book, reflecting a type of life so different from my own, translated out

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of languages so different from my own—abounding in passages so difficult to understand—how comes it that this is the Book of all books in our modern world?"

Then he discovers that this book tells about a man who lived about sixty generations ago, a Jewish carpenter, he was. But this man so stirred the hearts of a dozen ordinary men with whom He associated for only a few months, that they, under the spell of His personality, literally overturned the world, opening a whole new chapter in history and literally plowing the name of their friend and leader into the life of the world. Today's wars are being fought over principles He announced nineteen centuries ago and new life is being carried in His name to millions of people today.

Any honest mind that does not "prick up its ears" at the discovery of such a set of facts as these is dull indeed. And so your curiosity drives you through its wide open gate and you read Mark, whose brief pages, constituting the earliest record of Jesus' life, are, I think, the greatest pages of literature ever written. The title of the book constitutes its first sentence. Mark is so swift and brief and clipped and sketchy, and yet so unimpeachably authoritative, that when we have read its brief pages our curiosity fairly yells for more about this Man of Galilee. So we read on through Matthew and Luke until we come to John.

There in John we find that certainty our searching souls have craved. For John's is the personal gospel. There we find people like ourselves asking Him questions and we read exactly what He said to them.

If we abandon ourselves to the full impact of Jesus' words, just as the scientific research man does to the laboratory facts as they emerge, we will find that by the time we get to the 14th chapter it will be Jesus saying to us, "Let not your heart be troubled . . . believe . . . in me," and it will not be Philip as much as you to whom He is saying, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"; and a great surge of joy will enter your soul.

And so curiosity can bring you to the white hot center of the Bible, to a knowledge of God in Christ. In Him you find salvation. In Him you find power—and it is He who points you to the third gate through which you pass to make the Bible your own—the gate called *Exploration*.

Most of the trouble encountered in Bible reading stems from the fact that people go to their Bibles without Christ in their hearts. When a man has found Christ, the Bible becomes

a veritable gold mine of beauty and wonder, of information, guidance and uplift. He finds it the most God-filled book there is.

The Bible can be approached as history. One can read the Bible critically, asking by whom and under what conditions were the various books written, or how came the Bible into being, or how were the books assembled and how came it that other books were excluded from the collection. These are very interesting questions and important, too, but the way to make the Bible your own does not depend upon the answers to them.

It isn't necessary to know under just what circumstances David wrote

The Christmas Child

We had no chance to welcome Him—

I wonder, if we had,

Would we have walked to Bethlehem

To make His coming glad?

Do you suppose we might have known

The baby? Or have cared

Because the only room for Him

Was one the cattle shared?

Oh, we'd have known, if we'd been there

To see Him, you and I!

But He is here, the Christmas Child—

And still we pass Him by.

—Mary Adams

the 23rd Psalm or how Isaiah came to write his fortieth chapter, in order to take them into our hearts. To read the Bible as Jesus did braces us against temptation, reveals to us our shortcomings, faults and sins, and holds out to us the hope of pardon and deliverance. In the Bible we discover God for what the Bible says He is—"a very present help in time of trouble."

When you have found Christ in the Gospels, there are sixty-two more books to read. Begin your exploration in the Books that Jesus quoted most often, which are Deuteronomy, the Psalms and the Prophets.

Have you ever read the Book of Job? The other day I came across an interpretation of the 28th chapter which asks the question, "Where can you find wisdom?" and the answer is: "God knows how wisdom works. God knows where wisdom is. God first defined wisdom and walked all around it. . . . Wisdom is not something to be done, something to be found, something to be worked out. . . . Wisdom is something to be lived. It is an attitude of the heart. Wisdom is surrender. . . . Wisdom is the fear of the Lord." Read Job—the whole of it.

Have you ever read the little Book of Habakkuk? It covers only two pages. Read it—read it two or three

times. One of the greatest statements in the Bible comes from Habakkuk. It is the declaration, "The just shall live by his faith." Paul took it up and made it ring among the Gentiles. Luther took it from Paul and shook Europe with its reforming power. It has been ringing ever since.

So explore your Old Testament as Jesus did. In the unlikely places as you read you will find these priceless gems of men's faith in God and their companionship with Him.

Then explore the New Testament. The Book of The Acts is the gateway from the Gospels to the other books. In his Gospel, Luke tells us what Jesus *began* to do and to teach; in The Acts he leaves us the only authentic history we have of how Christ's transforming power began to turn the world upside down. The New Testament fairly glows with new life as the men whom Christ had transformed shout forth their testimony.

Some day after you have explored a while you will say, "I'm going to read the whole beloved Book." Let me be frank to say I see little value in a man's reading the Bible through unless first he has found and surrendered his life to Christ. He cannot read it through too often when he has. Every time he reads it, it will yield up treasures he had not found before. Every time there will be more verses that will fasten themselves upon his heart and in his memory. Prayers from its pages will become his prayers, its promises will build beneath his feet the firm foundation of his unshakable faith.

Then the Bible will have become *his own!* THE END

THE HIDDEN EYELASH

(Continued from page 18)

away. No use at all to dawdle over it. It would take the doctor less than a minute.

My doctor greeted me kindly, looking at the eyelash-gone-wrong, and picked up his pen.

"Take this note along to the casualty ward of the hospital," he said briskly. "They will take care of it."

"But Doctor, this isn't an accident; it's an eyelash," I remonstrated.

"Do as I say, young woman," he replied. "This is not my department, not anymore. Run along. I'm very busy."

And so, feeling quite baffled, I took my hidden eyelash and presented myself to the receptionist in the accident ward. After asking me if I had been to the ward before and, if so, how often, she gave me a card and told me to wait in the queue. I waited, becoming more and more depressed

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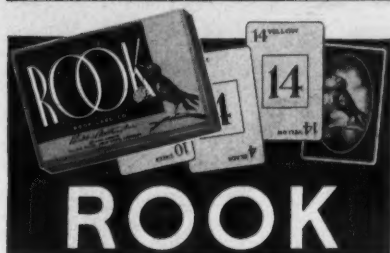
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as I looked at the really important cases—broken leg bones in plaster casts, people with serious burns sitting and waiting. I felt I should go away.

But I stayed an hour and ten minutes until I was called.

The young doctor behind the desk in the inner office asked abruptly: "And what's the matter with you?"

"It's my left eyelid, Doctor. The eyelash is growing under the skin, see?" I tried to show him by holding my eye shut.

He gingerly touched the eyelid, then called two other specialists who, in turn, looked and mumbled.

"Hmm, very unique."

"For the Ophthalmic boys."

Cold dismay all but overwhelmed me at this, and I pleaded with them to get on with the thing. But it was no good. I was given another scribbled note and directed to another ward in another building.

I blundered about until I found the Ophthalmic Department. There the weary receptionist at once began making out a card which she handed across the counter.

"Read it please," she sighed.

I read and got, first, the information that I was admitted under the care of one of the most famous eye surgeons in England (I had read about him in the papers when the American ambassador had a fish hook removed from his eye). Second, I was to attend on Tuesdays and Fridays by appointment only, and third, "Never destroy this card."

And this was Saturday!

"I suppose if I had a railroad tie in my eye I would have to wait until Tuesday to have it removed," I said as sarcastically as I could, but all was lost on the receptionist who only looked more weary and grieved.

On the following Tuesday I returned to the Ophthalmic Department. The "appointment" meant waiting my turn to be called, which took exactly an hour and three-quarters. There I sat among several rows of people and wondered at their private despairs and griefs. I tried to imagine how one would feel in these anonymous conditions if really faced with a serious eye ailment which might endanger a job, or finish a life work. The great room smelled of dust, reeked of the unwashed, and there was an insistent odor of disinfectant.

The next waiting room took only fifteen minutes. Progress! I was encouraged.

Presently in another room, long and businesslike, doctors actually materialized. They were standing at desks writing away while patients stood beside them trying to read those jumbled alphabet charts of various sized

letters. Very soon I heard, "Smith!" I had at last arrived—or had I?

I scrambled to my feet and went to the unbusy doctor. Without looking up he handed me a paper, saying, "Hold over your left eye and read the chart."

"But Doctor, I have an eyelash—"

"Read the chart!" he snapped.

I did. And I read all of the fine print, too. Also with the other eye.

Deliberately the doctor laid down his pen, stood back and looked at me in disgust.

"Why didn't you tell me right off that you didn't need glasses?"

"Why, Doctor, I did try to tell you," I snapped back sweetly.

"Well, never mind now. What is the matter?"

A **GA**IN I told the story of the hidden eyelash. And the doctor became very pleased. He even said, "Jolly interesting." And asked two or three of his associates to come along and have a look. One of the doctors, a most efficient-looking little woman, volunteered to perform the operation at once.

But this only meant that I was to go into the little operating room and lie down on the table. I stretched out and waited expectantly. Then the doctor came back and asked me to get up.

"Mr. (the famous surgeon under whose care I was admitted) would like to examine your eyelid personally," she said.

He asked me questions about where I was born and told his several medical assistants that an eyelash of this sort was rare but that, of course, the only reason that the lady had come was for "cosmetic" reasons! This made me furious.

I went back to the table and lay down again. The lady doctor did remember to return. She put some eyewash in my left eye, some local anaesthetic in my right eye, picked up the small surgical instrument from the sterilizer, and then said after a long pause, "I don't see anything wrong with this eyelid, madam."

"Please, Doctor," I moaned, "it's the other eye!"

"Oh!"

Now thoroughly indignant, weary, and near tears, I voiced what seemed by then a logical concern. "Please, Doctor, don't cut off my right leg. I need it to get home."

But she was not amused. She merely looked injured, while deftly and quickly she made a tiny incision and removed the eyelash.

Nine doctors, more than six hours waiting time over a period of five days, and the eyelash was out.

So was I!

THE END



WANTED:

Your Vote For

The Picture of the Year

A CITIZEN who doesn't go to the polls and vote on Election Day has no grounds for subsequent complaint about those in office. That is, he failed to take positive action when the opportunity was offered him.

Should not you, as a good Christian, take advantage of the opportunity CHRISTIAN HERALD is herewith offering you to take positive action about the kind of motion picture you want Hollywood to make for your family's enjoyment?

Have you become indignant when you've brought your children to see a movie that had earned high critical praise from critics, only to discover there were scenes in it which seemed to condone drinking or gambling or illicit sexual relations, or the like? Of course we already stay away from those pictures that feature these deplorable aspects of life and the movie-makers thus lose that much revenue. But we must let Hollywood know that in addition to our revulsion at the out-and-out objectionable pictures, we also disdain the intrusion of these elements into an otherwise entertaining and wholesome film.

The way to do that, it seems to us as well as to the Protestant Motion Picture Council, is for you readers to give accolades to those pictures which meet our Christian standards of good taste and are entertaining, yet have something to say to repay our investment of time and money.

Thus we ask you now to vote for your choice of the "Picture of the Year."

Think of the movies you've seen this year whose impact still lingers in your memory, the sort of picture about which you said: "Now if Hollywood would only make more of this kind . . ." As an aid to correct wording, etc., we are

listing here the PMPC "Pictures of the Month." But your choice need not be confined to these.

The "Picture of the Year" will be announced in the March, 1952, issue. All ballots must be received by no later than December 31, 1951.

Mark your ballot and send it in TODAY!

The 1951 "PICTURES OF THE MONTH"

As selected by the PMPC

RIO GRANDE—Republic • CYRANO DE BERGERAC—United Artists
 • THE MUDLARK—20th Century-Fox • CHANCE OF A LIFETIME—Pilgrim Pictures, Ltd. • SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC—Eagle-Lion • KON-TIKI—RKO • THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE—Rembrandt Films • EXCUSE MY DUST—MGM • ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Walt Disney • DAVID AND BATHSHEBA—20th Century-Fox • THE RIVER—United Artists • THE GUEST—20th Century-Fox

----- MAIL THIS BALLOT TODAY! -----

Motion Picture Editor,
 CHRISTIAN HERALD,
 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

My vote for THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR goes to:

.....
 (Title of motion picture)

(Signed)

Address

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"The Quest"

A black and white photograph of a man working on a large, curved object, possibly a boat hull, in a dark workshop. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark trousers, and is focused on his work. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the man and the object he is working on against a dark background.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

active service with the same crew and ship in Korean water. Highly instructive, with a well-balanced plot, this film can also boast of a fine cast. **A, Y**

COME FILL THE CUP (Warners). The real protagonists in this picture are the human will and the desire for alcohol. The film dramatizes the fight that any alcoholic must engage in to conquer his illness. Mature consideration of a serious situation; well played by an able cast headed by James Cagney. **A, Y**

JOURNEY INTO LIGHT (20 Century-Fox). A complicated and melodramatic tale of the fall and rising again of a New England Protestant minister who, after his dipsomaniac wife commits suicide, renounces the ministry and finally ends up on Los Angeles' "Skid Row." While there are some good characterizations, one wonders why the picture was ever made, why competent Protestant advice was not sought, and what purpose it will serve other than to strengthen the position of those who criticize the church. **A**

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB (J. Arthur Rank; Universal-International). A tongue-in-the-cheek treatment of crime on an improbable level, played for high comedy with witty dialogue and slyly humorous situations arising from everyday living. Cleverly acted by a large and competent English cast. **A, Y**

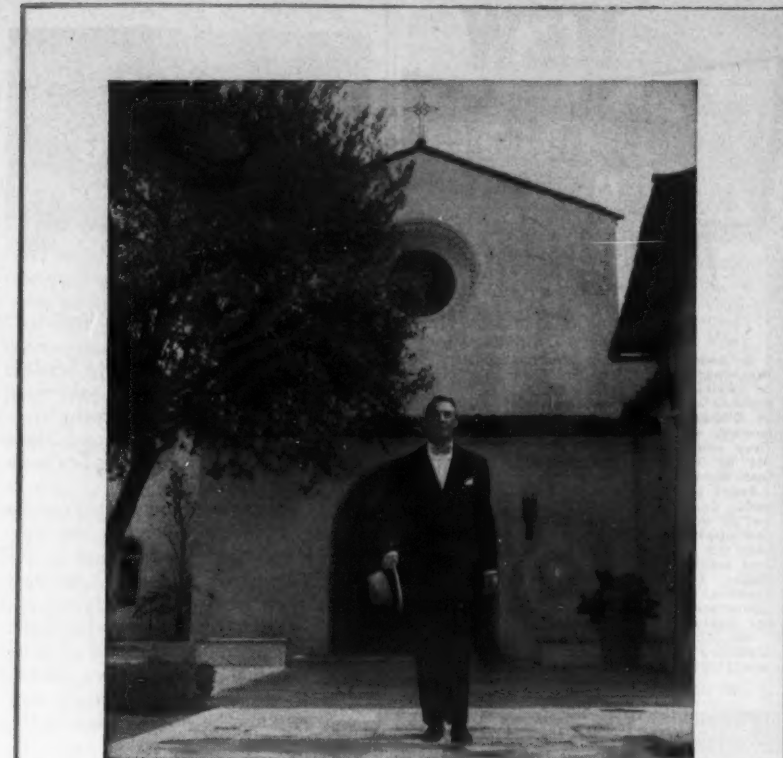
PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE (Warners). A tiresome play, set in Las Vegas' night-club and gambling life, dealing with three girls who are out to win rich husbands. The actors seem bored with the whole thing, a feeling reciprocated by the audience. Several situations are ethically and morally questionable. **A, Y**

LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL (20th Century-Fox). Acted by a cast worthy of a better vehicle, this concerns a family, about to be uprooted by divorce, which finds itself reunited in spite of the bungling efforts of all concerned. Starts as clever satire but soon bogs down. A light and sophisticated attitude is manifested toward marriage and divorce alike, both of which are too serious for such treatment. **A**

THE LADY FROM TEXAS (Universal-International). A fairly entertaining comedy-drama with some quaint features. Josephine Hull's splendid acting and superb reading of a letter from Abraham Lincoln saves it from being too adolescent. Fine Technicolor. **F**

TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY (Warners). A sordid, mostly unpleasant and generally overplayed story of the attempts of a man who has served eighteen years in the penitentiary to reestablish himself. **A**

THE MOB (Columbia). Rough story of violence and crime, exposing "shake downs" and other rackets among dockworkers. The story is well written, has good dialogue. Broderick Crawford gives a strong performance as a courageous detective. **A**



"Religion is intensely personal with me."—Randolph Scott

The Faith of the Stars

By WILLIAM LINDSAY YOUNG

RANDOLPH Scott, affectionately referred to in Hollywood as "the gentleman from Virginia," is a graduate of Woodberry Forest Preparatory School. Later he went to Georgia Tech and the University of North Carolina, from which he was graduated. His home background is devoutly religious, his parents being active members of the Episcopal Church. He was confirmed in Saint Peter's Church in Charlotte, North Carolina. While a student in prep school, an Episcopal institution, he sang regularly in the choir. After fin-

ishing his formal education he worked with his father who is an administrative engineer. In 1931 he entered the acting profession, in which he has been one of the leading stars ever since. He was recently named in a national exhibitors' poll as one of the ten top box-office attractions.

Mr. Scott and his wife, Pat, are among the most conservative residents of the film colony. They do not frequent large social gatherings or night clubs. And it is evident that he is proud of their little boy. Mr. Scott says:

"**R**ELIGION is such an entirely personal thing with me that it is difficult to discuss it without embarrassment. I suppose it is because of the strong devotion of my mother and father, and the way in which they reared all seven of us children, that we became so emotionally attached to the church we never got away from it. I may be old-fashioned but when the day is done and the lights are out I still kneel down by my bedside and pray. I ask God to forgive me for any wrong thoughts or unkind deeds that may have been mine through the day, and finish by asking Him to make me a better man. I admit I don't know much about the theory of Christian faith but I do know it helps me in the daily business of living."

CLOUDED YELLOW (J. Arthur Rank; Columbia). A complicated melodrama majoring in suspense. Has many exciting moments and a breath-taking climax that provides the solution to a clever plot. Well played by an excellent cast. **A, Y**

CRIMINAL LAWYER (Columbia). Ethical considerations are quite confused

in this story of a brilliant criminal lawyer who wins a coveted judgeship by devious though clever courtroom antics. This casts aspersions on the legal profession. **A**

ARIZONA MANHUNT (Republic). Routine western, relieved by good riding and acting of two children, "The Rough Riding Kids." **F**

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(Continued from page 18)

would I be? Way out on a limb."

"I'll be all right here."

"Okay," he said, rising to his feet and stretching. "Okay. If you want to take a chance. It's *your* baby—"

"Ray!" she protested, and there were sudden tears blurring her eyes.

"Sorry," he said.

He went to the range, lifted out the inverted two-gallon glass oil container, and took it to the shed to refill it. She watched him go with his awkward limp, dragging his left leg, and there was an aching pity in her heart. He was so proud, so afraid of being hurt, that he was always hurting others. He limped even more awkwardly when he came back swinging the full two-gallon bottle.

"Hope I can get the jeep out," he said. "It's beginning to drift bad."

"Johnny's going out from the Post Office with you, isn't he?"

"Ayah." He went to the shed door and took down his heavy mackinaw and cap.

When he was muffled up to the ears, he picked up his gloves from the rack near the range. Then he came to kiss her. But it was a perfunctory kiss.

"You be careful," he said. "And wish me luck."

"I'll do better than that," she said, her eyes blurring again with tears.

It was getting light outside now, and she went to the kitchen window to watch him leave. The light, sandy snow was eddying and swirling about the window and blowing in little clouds off the eaves. She could hear him trying to start the jeep station wagon he had purchased for his difficult route.

Then he backed out of the barn, roaring the motor and grinding his wheels into the drifted drive. As he passed the window, churning up a little wake of snow behind him, he waved to her. She was grateful for that. There was some deep spring of genuine affection in him that just needed to be released. If only she could reach it. He was all tied up—inhibited, the psychologists would call it. Probably his early unhappy home life was to blame. And on top of that, his leg . . .

Throughout the morning, while the snow continued to swirl and drift ever deeper, her anxiety for Ray weighed

more heavily upon her. She could picture him butting into the snow. He would keep going doggedly until he was absolutely stalled.

She dressed slowly, fed the chickens in the barn, and gathered a few eggs. After washing the dishes, she sat down to sew and to listen to the battery radio that picked up only the three or four nearest stations. In many ways she missed her teaching. It had been hard, but it had been fun too. Now time hung heavily on her hands.

At noon the sky lighted a little and the wind died and it looked as if the storm might let up, but it soon closed in again and the air was thicker than ever with flying flakes, falling now almost straight down and soundlessly.

And then, suddenly, the thing she feared was upon her. The pains had begun. Her time had come early. She should have gone out with Ray. Anywhere in the village would have been better than here alone, without a telephone, with no one to help her.

When another wave of pain broke over her, she thought in a moment of mounting panic, *Oh, why did we ever come to this place? Why didn't I refuse?* She could feel a hot sweat upon her hands and knew it was not from pain but from fear. Her heart was beating violently.

AND then when the pain receded, her mind cleared and she recalled a sermon the village minister had preached recently, and the Bible text came back to her: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." And in a moment of silent prayer, she felt her spirit relax, committing Ray and herself and her unborn child to the wise Providence that sustained the universe.

And suddenly she felt upborne, exactly as she had when she had learned to swim, learning first to float. She had been afraid of the water at first, and she had sunk in the yielding element. But after a while she had learned to trust the water. And it was like that now when she prayed for strength and wisdom. By faith she was being sustained instead of being dragged down by fear.

And clearly, almost as if it were a voice speaking, she seemed to find direction. Somehow she must get to Cunningham's. How fortunate that he was a doctor, she thought. In any case, they had a phone. Ray had counted on using it in an emergency.

Quietly, as if she were preparing for the hospital, she packed a few of her things in a bundle. Then she pulled on a heavy sweater, woolen socks, ski boots, a pair of Ray's slacks. She had tried her ski suit, but couldn't get into it.

She wrote a note for Ray on a big

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piece of paper and left it on the kitchen table in case she couldn't reach him by phone from Cunningham's. Then when the gripping contractions subsided, she went to the door with her bundle and stepped out into the snow. It was almost a foot deep now, light and powdery on top, but dry and granulated underneath like sugar. She had taken one of Ray's canes, for if she stepped in a hole and twisted her ankle, it might be the end. No one would find her there for hours. And for just a moment a wave of the old panic went over her. Then she remembered another verse, "I will trust and not be afraid." And she pushed on down the road.

When the pains came, she stopped and leaned on the cane. She could see the silent dark woods on the upper side of the road quietly filling up with snow, silently sifting between the white and leafless birches but catching on the green spruce branches.

It seemed like miles, and she had to move ahead so slowly, lifting each foot high and pushing it ahead, as if she were a child again wading in water. What had the women done who used to live here? she wondered. There was no doctor near then. Why had men ever sought such lonely places?

Then she rounded the curve, and she could see the Cunningham house sitting back from the road a little, a charming white Cape Cod with a big central chimney and a rambling ell attached to the red barn. She turned into the drive leading up to the house. It was hard to tell where it diverged from the road, for the drifted snow was unbroken by footprint or tire track. What if they weren't home? Another spasm of fear assailed her. And then, like the pain, it passed, and the triumphant faith returned. Her feet were getting heavy. She could hardly lift them any farther.

She remembered reaching the door and ringing the bell. And she remembered seeing the kindly face of Mrs. Cunningham, and hearing, as from a distance, her surprised greeting, "Why, my dear!" And then she didn't remember any more.

When she came to, she was in a maple bed with smooth cool sheets. But she was in pain again, worse pain. Dr. Cunningham was standing at the foot of the bed. He was bald, with a little chaplet of white hair encircling his head, and white eyebrows and a neat white mustache making a triangle in his brown face. When the worst of the pain had passed, she tried to smile at him.

"I thought you were Saint Peter—" she sighed.

"Well," he said, chuckling, "I've known nurses to be taken for angels,

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but it's the first time I've been mistaken for the great apostle, I'm sure. Just what are you trying to do—pull a fast one?"

"Yes," she said, grinning at his pun. "I am a little early, I guess. How am I doing?"

"Not too bad," he said. "A few more hours perhaps. Before midnight anyhow, I should say. Who's your doctor?"

"Halstead—in Winhasset. But you'll do, Doctor," she said, smiling.

"Don't know about that. I'm out of practice, you know." He rubbed each side of his mustache with the tip of his middle finger and chuckled.

Mrs. Cunningham came in. She was a quiet little woman with silver hair and a silver voice.

"Martha, you keep Mrs. Sanborn company while I call her doctor."

Before he left, Eva begged him to call the Post Office and have them try to contact Ray.

"You mean he's out in this storm delivering mail?" said Dr. Cunningham.

"Yes, I guess so."

"And left you alone? Well, Martha, I guess the pioneer virtues aren't all gone, eh?"

Mrs. Cunningham smiled as he left the room. "No, indeed," she said. Her silver hair had a youthful wave, and the skin of her face still had a clear soft glow. She turned to Eva. "You're a very brave girl. We were just thinking of you today and wondering how you were getting along. I was going to step over tomorrow with a little something for Christmas, and now we'll have you here with us. How lovely to think of having a baby born in our house—almost on Christmas day."

Eva sighed and looked about her. She loved the pattern of the flowery wall paper and the old maple furniture. "You're wonderful," she said. "You're just like my mother."

"Where is your mother, dear?"

"My mother's gone," she murmured.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Mrs. Cunningham. "Perhaps you'll let me take your mother's place for a while. We never had a daughter, you know."

"Did you have sons?"

"One boy. He was a navy doctor. On a destroyer." She paused and looked out the window. "He didn't come back—"

"Oh, now I'm sorry," said Eva.

"He was very dear to us. He was everything we had. He hadn't married—so we had no grandchildren." There was something in her quiet face that seemed to transmute her sorrow and loss into loving sympathy.

"I'm sorry I'm going to be so much trouble—"

"Trouble? It's going to be wonderful. Can't you see how excited my husband is? We had planned to leave for Florida right after the New Year. For a long time he has wanted to spend a Christmas in the old homestead. Now he'll want to stay longer, I am sure."

Dr. Cunningham came back into the room, touching his little mustache again. "Halstead's out on a case," he announced. "But he wouldn't be able to get up here with a car anyhow. I left word with his wife that I'm taking over. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? I guess I ought to be safe with Saint Peter," Eva smiled, then winced and gripped the sheet. "What about Ray?" she said.

"They will try to locate him." He watched her face. She had her teeth tight over her lower lip. "Are they getting bad?"

She nodded, twisting the sheet into a ball in her hand.

"Well, that's good. Maybe we'll get this over before midnight after all."

It was considerably before midnight. She had begun to lose track of time and place. Between the attacks, she saw people moving and heard their voices as in a nightmare dream. Then about nine o'clock, after the last blinding pain, she felt a great and joyous release. She thought she heard the sound of an infant's choking cry, and then everything blacked out.

WHEN she came out of the stupor, she saw Ray bending over her. His face looked drawn and weary, but there was a smile at his lips.

"We have a boy, Eva," he said proudly.

She tried to put her arms about his neck, but only one seemed to have strength enough to respond, and she drew his head down to kiss her. It wasn't perfunctory this time, she noticed. "Are you really glad, Ray?" she whispered.

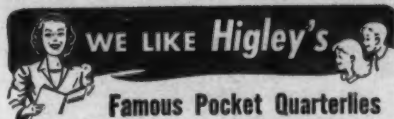
"It's wonderful, honey," he said. "You're a great gal, and no kiddin'. I'm mighty proud of you—and the little fellow. Doc says he's goin' to be fine."

"Oh, let me see him—please."

"Give the doc a chance. He's got to make him presentable."

And when they brought the little red-faced bundle to her, she felt a strange thrill of pride course through her. *My own, she thought, my very own. Flesh of my flesh. You little imp. You darling.* And a great joy and a great peace settled upon her.

In the morning she and the baby were the center of excited attention. Mrs. Cunningham moved about solicitously as if she were indeed a grandmother for the first time. The doctor went through the routine of



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his examination with wry humor.

"I think you'll survive," he said, shaking down the thermometer.

Ray came in to say goodbye. His face had a new light. His eyes, though bloodshot and weary, seemed to be losing their shadow.

"You're not going out again today?" she said.

"Sure," he said. "The mails have to go through. You know the slogan."

"How did you make it last night?"

"Had to leave the jeep at the foot of the hill with the Bouchards. Reni helped me up the hill."

"You walked! Oh, Ray. Not with your leg!"

"Sure," he said. "Why not? I had to get in. They told me at Anderson's that you were having your baby. I just made it."

"And now you have to walk all the way down, Ray. You shouldn't."

"It won't be nothin'—not now—"

She didn't mind the double negative somehow. It didn't matter. The new light in his face was all that mattered.

"Where did you sleep last night, Ray?"

"Bedroom upstairs. His room, they call it—with all his things in it. Did you know about their son, Eva?"

"Mrs. Cunningham told me—"

"The Doc's a great guy. You know he talked to me last night as if I was his own boy. They ain't sore about the tough breaks they've had. I guess I got no call to be."

"That's right, Ray. You've had it tough—but you've had a lot of good things too."

"Ayah, I been seein' that. But the thing I saw best up in that room last night was what a real family can be like. I want it to be that way with our kid."

The flowery wallpaper went all blurry for Eva, and Ray's face seemed to waver and fade. She blinked the tears away and everything cleared again. "That's the way I want it too, Ray," she said.

She saw him rub the side of his nose. "Say," he said, to hide his embarrassment, "did you know they want us to stay here all winter?"

"No—you don't mean it!"

"Ayah. They're goin' to Florida sometime in January, and they want us to stay until they come back in April."

"Oh, Ray—hot running water, bathroom, electricity!"

"Even a shower. Oil burner in the cellar."

"Aren't they wonderful? But do you think we should?"

"Doc says it's better for the house to be lived in. They like you a whole lot, Eva. I kinda figured that—well, their never havin' any grandchild—"

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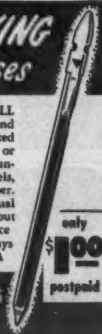
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He paused, glanced at his watch. "I got to get goin'." When he kissed her, she felt again a new deep love.

About noon, when the sun was bright in the cold air, they heard the snow plow bumping and scraping and roaring loudly up the hill, but it was after dark again before Ray came back.

"Got everythin' delivered," he said to Eva when he came in. "I even got in to the Trasks."

"You didn't go in there—down that road!" exclaimed Eva.

"There was a package for young Ronny," he said, "from his big brother in Chicago." She remembered Ronny. He had had polio and wore a brace on one leg. "I'd a taken it in," said Ray, "if I had to walk it in."

And she believed he would have. The old bitterness, the growing cynicism, were really going. And later that night she was convinced that he was different, that she had won her big gamble.

After supper, while the doctor was talking with her, they heard Mrs. Cunningham calling from the front hall. "John, they're playing the chimes down at the church. Come and hear."

"Excuse me, my dear," said Dr. Cunningham, brushing reflectively with one finger his white mustache. "Oh, doctor," said Eva, "those are your chimes, aren't they? The chimes you gave to the church?"

"Yes," he said. "Not quite the real thing—electronic, you know. But they can amplify any recording."

"Oh, could I hear? Could I come to the door? Just for a minute? It's Christmas Eve."

"Perhaps, just for a minute. Wrap yourself up warmly. I'll get Martha's coat."

Ray came from the kitchen where he had been reading the paper and stood with them in the doorway. The

air was sharply cold and perfectly clear. There was no moon, but the sky was a vast canopy of stars and the world was a white miracle. The chimes had died away and the air was breathlessly still.

Then up from the village came faintly the amplified sounds of a choir singing. "O Little Town of Bethlehem..."

They stood together in awed silence until the angelic music ceased on the clear night air.

Then Ray said, "I used to think that was the bunk about the Star and the Wise Men and all. The stars at Anzio were shinin' while all hell was breakin' loose around us. 'The silent stars,' I used to think. That was a laugh. They didn't care. Nobody cared." He stopped.

"Go on," said Dr. Cunningham. "But a night like this," he said. "I don't know. It does somethin' to you."

Eva slipped her arm into his and rested her head on his shoulder.

"That's right," said the doctor. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork—but it took a Baby to show the world His love."

They were all perfectly still once more as the chimes came up to them again playing. "Silent Night, Holy Night."

When it was over, the doctor said, "Come, young lady. Back to bed with you, or you won't be allowed to join us for presents at the tree tomorrow."

"Oh," she said, catching her breath a little, "I hate to leave the stars. The silent stars. They are so strange and beautiful. I'll always remember what you said tonight, Ray—and what you said tonight, Doctor."

Ray took her in his arms then, and all the radiant glory of Christmas seemed to flood over her for the first time.

THE END

ALWAYS CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 27)

necklaces, took little pine cones and filled them with peanut butter, hung balls of suet, branches of black alder and bayberries and somehow managed to tie on quartered apples. It was a pleasing task and we both felt that the St. Francis who loved birds gave us his blessing.

This season we need not move a tree. There are two small fat spruces at the front door, and another at one end of the terrace. One of these growing trees shall be for the birds.

Our Christmas decorations, some of which have survived five and twenty years, did not come here in the movers' vans but with us in the family car. From these doors the old felt

angels will fly, and the music boxes will sit as always on a desk, on a mantle or table. There will be no difference here. How could there be?

But, I am reminded, how much smaller the household! It has steadily been shrinking. Fifteen years ago we were six—four children, their godmother and I. Indeed we were apt to be eight, or ten, what with visiting friends. I remember especially a boy homesick for Hawaii and spending his first Christmas away from the Islands with us, down from boarding school and enchanted with the snow and ice. Later, the Christmas table shrank suddenly, with first one and then two boys in the services, in



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Europe, and in the Pacific. But they came back and, first thing you knew, there was a new face at the table, that of the girl the older boy married.

There was also a Christmas when the house was empty. That year I had a tree, trimmed by loving hands, several days early, and all the presents which had come by mail and express. But on Christmas Eve we were in Baltimore decorating a hospital room, trimming a tree and hanging a stocking.

And this Christmas?

Perhaps we shall be alone, the twins' godmother and I, though it is likely that the younger boy will come from the city to spend the day with us. But his sisters are many miles away, as is his brother. Yet I am sure they will be here with us, remembering. And none of the four brought up in the Christmas way will forget. They will take with them wherever they go the Christmas traditions, the family warmth and expectancy, and these, when they have children, they will consider a heritage. I am thinking, as I write, that before Christmas Day I must bring down the things and send to those who are distant some of the less fragile ornaments so that their trees will be begun with something old and remembered upon them.

Looking south there is a glimpse of water and coastline, like a dream, like a mirage, on clear dry days. During the hot, humid days, there was but mist, and those were always the days when people came to see the new place and I had no view to show them. Sometimes the salt fog rolled in—I suppose we are three miles as the crow flies from the water—and everything was obscured. Even when it lifted, there was only the stretch of grass and knoll—Bunny Hill—the stone wall, the trees beyond. But with autumn the elms are gold, the maples every shade of scarlet and the big mulberry and the tall, thin ginko are gold, as is the fabulous willow. You do not miss the emerald and jade when the flame starts burning. And as the great sweep of color fills your eyes and heart you think sadly of the time when it must go and the trees stand naked against the sky. But how soon the turning wheel presents more beauty for your delight.

First, the bare boughs, only the oaks holding tenaciously to their rosy-brown leaves, and far off the houses you hadn't been able to see before, a wisp of curling smoke at the chimneys. And beyond these more Sound than you'd been able to boast about and the cloud-blue coastline on the horizon. Then, after you've risen early to see these wonders and strained your eyes to see them in the too-early

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dusk, you experience the first lazy, downward drifting of the snow. By Christmas, perhaps, there will be a splendid storm, with snow not too deep, we hope, not too lasting, but enough to lie sweetly upon the ground and to ermine-coat the boughs, enough to sparkle under the large vigilant stars and the waning moon.

My younger son said some months ago that he supposed people would build soon on the big vacant lot next to us, and south, which goes to the corner. He added, "I hope they won't hurt the view."

I don't think so. Practically, it is doubtful anyone would build right against our stone wall boundary, and on an upward slope. Also nowadays the fashion in new houses is ranch style. But in any case, who can really spoil our view? It is something which, in a few months, has been etched upon the spirit. From the second-story windows, surely, you can overlook the new house and still see the little pool of blue which is distant water, the cloud-like reach of coast. But never overlook your new neighbor, for neighbors are as necessary as bread.

It so happens that my bedroom has two west windows and two south. Mornings I wake early to lie listening. If I hear the mournful speech of a fog horn I know what to expect when I rise and look and say my prayers while at the windows. If there is no sorrowful sound, why, like as not, all the morning will be there pale gold before me.

People have asked, "Won't this be a strange Christmas, with the children gone or, at the very best, only one to come and cry the greeting? Won't it be a little sorrowful too, remembering the past Christmases?" And I can reply with all my heart and in honesty, it will be wonderful. It always is. For "wonderful" means full of wonder, and he who has not been full of wonder upon the Eve and Day we celebrate as Christ's, must all his life go bare.

I have never outgrown my childhood excitement, the heart on tiptoe. Oh, the trappings are part of it, the smell of baking, the tree we trim, the decorations we place each year in the same places, the family gifts piling up in the chests in my study and hidden in bureau drawers, the gifts from away which I still shake a little as they come in, trying to guess, but not wanting really to know, the cards, the flowers and plants. And part of it the carol singing out of doors with hundreds of neighbors around the lighted, living tree, and the church service after and coming home to hang the stockings. But this is all a part. The rest of it is the awareness of gentle-

ness and loving kindness, one for another; the rest of it is the supreme knowledge that we worship at the Manger.

So no matter how few or how many we are, Christmas is always. Nothing is lost to us; not the children who are far away; nor the boy of our blood who sleeps in Arlington this Christmas; not the parents we knew but now know only in our hearts and spirits. Not even the little dog, much beloved, who spent ten Christmases with us, and had her own stocking hung from the mantle and who grew more and more excited as the packages came in. For she lies dreaming under a tree three miles away, where once she lived. She was never happy here, ill, in a strange place and her young idol no longer here, so when she died, we took her back to a familiar place. She isn't lost to us, and she belongs in this Christmas story. Just as I often dream of my father, or look at the faded pictures of my grandparents, or of my Quaker people, or think of my mother as she was. I think of the cocker spaniel who shared our Christmases, and hear her paws upon the stairs.

SURELY it can *always* be Christmas! If only we had the pity and the patience, the love and the wisdom. If only we could carry over from season to season the sense of expectancy, the loving kindness, the close feeling for those we love, the neighborly feeling for friend and stranger. Look how, at this season, we walk down the street and cry "Merry Christmas!" to those we know and those we barely know. We mean it with all our hearts. But it lasts so short a time.

Christmas is here, then over. In our locality there is the winter quiet, the cold and wind, the storm, the branches breaking, the possible blizzard, disaster or inconvenience. And soon, winter-weary, we long for spring, the first bird voice, the breaking blossom, the blue sky, the warmth . . . we are impatient, we have short memories and Christmas lies behind us.

Or so we think.

It lies always ahead; it lies always in the heart. Look at the spring through the eyes of Christmas; Christmas is a Birth, and spring a Rebirth. Christmas is promise and fulfillment, and spring again, the promise and fulfillment. All the year is linked with Christmas—it runs through the twelve months like a golden thread, it binds them together.

For to the believing heart, the spirit upon its knees, there is no day nor season without Christ, the Newborn and the Risen.

Christmas is always. **THE END**

BACK TALK



Shafts at Courier

TO THE EDITORS:

I enjoy the HERALD immensely—except the Gabriel Courier department. I thoroughly dislike the way he slants the news about politics. Courier makes very sure no one will get the impression that he is a Republican, and at the same time is scared to death for fear the Democrats will not recognize him as a blood-brother.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.

(MRS.) LENA ROBINSON

... It is quite apparent that Mr. Courier is a too-prejudiced and dyed-in-the-wool Republican ... Perhaps he needs a good long vacation; sometimes when we grow older we lose the important value of tolerance.

Kakima, Wash. (MISS) VERA PEARCE

... I am sure, from what I know of Dr. Poling, that he disagrees with your opinion recorded under "Quakes" (News, August '51). A religious publication above all others should be unbiased.

Phila., Pa.

M. E. SCHUYLER

... I don't know if Courier is a real personal name or if he is simply acting as a courier for the angel Gabriel, but he is certainly sounding a trumpet before the Lord and to us earth-bound mortals. God bless you and your News department!

St. George, Me.

M. F. HIBBARD

... We want to thank you for Gabriel Courier's note about "Magazines for Friendship" (News, Sept. '51). The hundreds of letters we have been receiving from all over the country shows what a large following you have.

Pasadena, Calif.

H. R. WILSON, Chairman
"Magazines for Friendship"

... I say "amen" to the Courier item "Home Rule" (Sept. '51). Coming from New England I can see a vast difference between independent and thinking individuals and those who have nothing to say about their roads and schools ... Our whole nation seems to be drifting toward centralized government and the local autonomy is going out.

LeRaysville, Pa.

(REV.) CHAS. F. HOOD

... In your July News, Courier suggests that our government, anent the MacArthur investigation, fails to inspire "loyalty" because it is not disclosing what happened in China and Korea. The investigation did go far afield of the inquiry into the recall of MacArthur, even back to Yalta and the Marshall Mission. The United States went into Korea as a United Nations

member, under directives of UN to repel aggression and to preserve world peace. MacArthur was Commander of UN forces. He openly advocated measures not approved by UN, and kept important members of UN astray. Our government is concerned with repelling the aggression in Korea, and in keeping the UN as a continuing force for world peace. Whether MacArthur's proposals would have terminated the war sooner, and without a general war, should be settled by UN. MacArthur's repeated public statements, after repeated remonstrances, left no other course than to recall him. The top military men did not approve MacArthur's proposals, although in any field there may be wide areas of disagreement among experts.

As to Yalta selling out China to Russia, certainly Russia would have gone to war against Japan, before the end, to reap the spoils, at such time as pleased her, Yalta or no Yalta. Roosevelt certainly knew this. Nationalist China lost to the Reds, even while we were supplying much war materials. The Nationalist regime had evidently lost the support of the Chinese. These questions are beside the point now. The immediate questions are: Shall we ignore the UN and go it alone, after the manner of MacArthur? Or shall we act in accord with the UN and keep it alive as a force for world peace? These considerations your article ignores.

Cochran, Ga.

LUCIAN A. WHIPPLE

Sex Offenders

TO THE EDITORS:

That brazen Mrs. Pearson who advocates mutilation for sex offenders (Back Talk, Oct. '51) belongs to the barbarians of the Dark Ages.

Ada, Minn.

JAMES OLSON

... Mrs. Pearson speaks out with real courage in advocating castration for sex perverts.

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

MR. AND MRS. C. STINCHCOMB

Rabbis vs. Courier

TO THE EDITORS:

I read with considerable dismay and distress your considerable tirade against the Central Conference of American Rabbis for repeating its historic position on the question of separation of church and state (News, Sept. '51). ... It is the contention of the CCAR that Thomas Jefferson meant sincerely the words he wrote to the Danbury Baptists in 1802 that our Constitution "intends to build a wall of separation between church and state." We



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believe that this is basic Americanism and needs the support of all believers in the kind of government the founders of our country intended to establish. I regret that you misinterpret the position of the Conference and that you place yourself on the side of those who would destroy the basic character of our American system of government.

Buffalo, N. Y.

JOSEPH L. FINK,
Vice-president, CCAR

● Sorry, Rabbi Fink, but we side with our Mr. Courier who says: "We can't help regarding with 'considerable dismay' of our own current efforts (even by those with the best intentions) to chip away whatever is left of religious emphasis in our schools. We do not think the reading of the 23rd Psalm in a schoolroom destroys the character of our government." Too many church-state separationists make the error of confusing "church" with "religion." The law of the land is, and we hope always will be, against any alliance with any "establishment" (or single sect) of religion. However others may read the Constitution and Bill of Rights, we see the emphasis as being far from against religion as such. To translate it that way is, we think, to play right into the hands of those atheistic and materialistic forces who would like to see our schools denuded of religion entirely. That, we think, Rabbi Fink, leads to disaster for all faiths, yours as well as ours.

Lilacs & Tomatoes

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading the story "Way to a Woman's Heart" (July '51) I wondered if the author knows any more about mothers-in-law than she knows about lilacs and tomatoes. Here in north-central Nebraska the lilacs bloom in May, the tomatoes ripen in August or September. Quite a trick to have both at the same time!

Valentine, Nebr.

(MRS.) FRED MOOSEMAN

... Here in Colorado lilacs are blooming in September and that's when we can tomatoes. So maybe our heroine had lilacs blooming out of season too. Could be!

Brighton, Colo.

(MRS.) MILDRED C. BEHM

For Universal Disarmament

TO THE EDITORS:

We feel we must protest against CHRISTIAN HERALD's stand on the armament race and U.M.T. Why not throw your great influence into the movement for universal disarmament? Why must we go on arming for total destruction? Why must we go on crowding against the door that is shut against Peace, until everybody perishes, when our only salvation is to quit crowding and let the door be opened?

Fairhope, Ala. HERMAN J. BATTEY
ISABELLA BATTEY

● CHRISTIAN HERALD is really not so warlike as you make us sound, good friends. We are for peace first and always. The question is how best to insure it. Just happens that, the record of our adversaries

being what it is, we cannot believe that a policy of unpreparedness at this time would lead to anything but aggression. With an enemy that everywhere has shown contempt of other nations' peaceful designs, calling it "weakness" and exploiting it as such, we feel that America can no more relax its vigilance than can a community, ridden with lawless characters, discharge its police force and blindly trust to the "good intentions" of gangsters whose interest in doors hitherto has been only to push through them to conquest.

Our Profit-System "Corrupt"?

TO THE EDITORS:

Gabriel Courier opines, "Must the world forever bomb and bayonet its way to the peace table?" (News, Sept. '51). It definitely need not, but it will so long as great powers go on with an outmoded and utterly corrupt profit-system like ours. That evil system needs waste and war for its very existence. It corrupts the people and all their institutions, including the church... What a killer-nation we are! And it is for markets and profits that we have no right to. Our government is in the hands of the tycoons of wealth and the military, and there is no spirit of humanity or justice—only the werewolf's lust for power and profits... What nation's lawmakers could be more corrupt and warmongering than is our Congress? Our churches are beholden to this system; that is why they are helpless. That is why they go on praying for peace and working for war... Always does the U.S. take its stand on the side of exploitation, greed and war. Always do our leaders support the very worst elements in other countries, and give them arms to beat down the suffering masses. Then we send missionaries to the masses to tell them we love them. Oh, what hypocrisy!... I think it can be said that today's bloody world-welter is a struggle between exploiter and exploited; and the church always stands on the side of the exploiter, while it piously prays for peace.

Rochester, Minn.

(MRS.) E. F. MEYER

● Seems that Reader Meyer has been sold a reddish bill of goods by someone. She doesn't state what system she'd like to see replace ours. Russian Communism maybe? We respectfully suggest a pause in the repetition of pinkish cliches and a sharper look at the record of other systems, as well as that of our own—and definitely a more careful examination of the Protestant churches' achievements on behalf of the exploited of all lands during their long history.

Hymn Words Wanted

TO THE EDITORS:

I have long sought the complete words and music to an old-time hymn, "Thy Will Be Done," which was quite popular about 35 years ago. Possibly you may assist me in locating this.

Tampa, Fla.

E. T. CUMMINGS

● Can any reader help? If so, Mr. Cummings can be reached at P. O. Box 1975, Tampa, Florida.

FEAR NOT!

(Continued from page 30)

so the totalitarians say the Jew must be obliterated.

Fear is one of the causes of the great social evil of war. A nation or a group of nations come to fear other nations, and accordingly they arm themselves, and upon provocation use their armaments. The social problems of our age are complex, but many of them are nurtured by fear.

But what can we do to cure fear? The best cure is faith and love. The Apostle John wrote, "Perfect love casteth out fear"; he wrote out of his own experience. Perfect love means supreme love toward God and brotherly love toward our fellowmen.

The surest way to overcome fear is to practice a lively trust in God. Today many are harassed by fear only because they lack inner spiritual resource. Faith in God is the surest triumph over wrongs and fears. Fear is faithlessness. The angel's Christmas message, "Fear not!" was a challenge to belief in the newborn Savior. Fellowship with Him enables us to live without fear. All this is implied in the angel's message to the shepherds.

True love is intelligent and active good-will. When we are busy helping other people, the causes of fear are removed. It is significantly written, "Love never faileth." We are naturally self-centered, and self-centeredness means self-disruption, and self-disruption exposes us to all kinds of fears. On the other hand, true social interest makes life interesting, harmonious and impervious to the fears which so easily beset us.

Righteousness is helpful in meeting the problem of fear. Righteousness means doing what we should do, and leaving undone what we should not do. Both of these aspects of righteousness are helpful in dealing with the problem of fear.

It has rightly been said that our consciences make cowards of us all. A guilty conscience produces all kinds of fears; a good conscience leads to courage and triumph. It has aptly been said: "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

"Fear not" is an important part of the great Christmas message. The Christ of Christmas can save us from the common fears of everyday living. That message comes to us in these tense and disturbing days with a peculiar pertinency. We need simple trust like those who heard the angel say, according to the poet:

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

KOREA:

- the barns are gone
- the animals are slaughtered
- and the homes are a shambles



It was night and little six-year-old Chan-Hi was awakened by loud voices at the door. She hid behind the half fallen chimney of her home. She stared, frozen with fright, as the bayonet raised against her father plunged downward. She saw it enter her father's body and watched the soldier pull the crimson blade out and wipe it on her father's coat. Her mother screamed as another soldier tore her from her husband's body and ran, carrying her out of the door. The screams continued outside some place—and then ceased.

Chan-Hi waited for the rest of the night and all the next day for her mother to come back. But the second night some soldiers came prowling and she sneaked out. Then she walked for three weeks. One day, an American gave her half a chocolate bar to eat and she tried to eat grass as the other refugees were doing. But she had given up hope and had decided to just sit and wait to die when a GI picked her up. Now she is in a Christian Children's Fund orphanage.

The CCF is caring for children, whose histories are not so different from Chan-Hi's, in 14 Korean orphanages. But several thousands are still hungry and homeless. Such children can be "adopted" at ten dollars a month and there is no obligation to continue the child's care beyond the first year unless the contributor desires to do so. The child will be cared for in a CCF orphanage-school and can be corresponded with, if you wish. You will receive the child's name, address, picture and information about him or her.

Victory and Peace cannot be won by guns alone. Bread and love are at least as important.

Children may also be "adopted" at the same cost in CCF orphanage-schools located in Free China, Hong Kong, Japan, Philippines, Okinawa, Malaya, Burma, Indonesia, India, Pakistan, Lebanon, Finland, Lapland, Western Germany and Puerto Rico.

For information write to:

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